Vol. CXLIII. No. 1857.

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THE BYSTANDER July 19, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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West End First Night

THE curtain is down on the Second Act, and everybody who is anybody is here in the bar. Over in the corner are the critics, discussing the play, but that after all, is their métier. The rest of us have settled down to discussing each other, for the occasion is really more like a big family party. And you may hear wittier quips between sips of gin and Rose's than you'll hear from the stage when the curtain rises on Act Three. One notices that the women invariably drink gin and Rose's Lime Juice on these occasions. Their reasons, they say, are their figures, which they are determined to keep, and possible headaches tomorrow, which they don't intend to have.

AMUSEMENTS

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Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Sea front. Near Golf, Casino, Bathing, Tennis. Special early season rates.

Knocke-Zoute. — Rubens Hotel. — Finest Hotel, facing sea. Near Casino — Golf — Tennis.

FRANCE

Antibes.—Grand Hotel du Cap D'Antibes et Pavillon Eden-Roc.—Unique situation, between Cannes and Nice.

Le Touquet.—Hotel de Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—continued

FRANCE—*continued*

Le Touquet.—Carlton.—On Beach. Inclusive from 110 frs. August from 125 frs. Special July weekly terms £4.4.0.

Le Touquet (P. de C.) Golf Hotel. — Facing Links. New Lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea, opposite Swimming-pool. 1st-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

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Villefranche-sur-Mer.—Welcome Hotel.—Facing sea, near beach, Yachting, Fishing. Every comfort. Pension from 50 frs.

GERMANY

Baden-Baden (Black Forest)—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Gastein. — Parkhotel Bellevue. — The house of international society. 360 beds. £1 a day.

Bad Gastein.–Grand Hotel, Gasteinerhof.–Sunniest htl. 1st-cl. 180 bedrooms. Pens. fr. R.M. 9.50. Pat. by Eng. Soc. Open in Winter.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel des Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel, situated amidst own park.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel. 200 rooms. Thermal bath in hotel, garage. Pension from R.M. 10 up.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kurpark. 150 rms. 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M.11.

Cologne.—Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. Htl., quiet sit. Inclusive terms from R.M. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Dir. pos. on River Elbe. Gdn., Pk., Terraces. Bar, Orch., Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.–Breidenbacher Hof.–L.h't.W'ld ren'd. Fav.home of intern.soc. Fam." Grill." Am.bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6, 75 Pr.B.fr.9.

Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grill-room. Bar.

Franzensbad. — Hotel Königsvilla. — The leading Hotel. Near bath-houses and Springs. Own large Garden.

Franzensbad, Sudetenland.–Hotel Imperial.–World-known. Close to Springs and baths. Season 15th April to 15th Oct. Tel. 35.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen (Bavarian Alps).—**Park-Htl. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg. htl., best cen. sit. Ev. com. Pros. thro' Prop., Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest and most perfect Hotel building. Select home of International Society and Aristocracy.

Munich.–Grand Hotel Continental.–Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior** (near the Hauptbahnhof).—First class, modern, quietly placed. Rms. fr. R.M. 3.50 onwards.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pension from Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. from Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every pos. comfort. Own bath. Estab. Pens. fr. R.M.10.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World-renowned. Opposite Park and Spring. Own bathing estab. Pat. by best Soc. Pens. from Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.–(Four Seasons.) Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. fr. R.M. 12.

POLAND

Warsaw.—Hotel Bristol.—250 rooms. Every modern comfort. 90 priv. bathrooms. Garage. Restaurant. Dancing. Cocktail-Bar. Garden.

SWITZERLAND

Baden-Spa (nr. Zurich) Verenahof & Ochsen 1st-cl. highly cultured family htl. Mod. com. 100 med. (therm.) baths in the htl. Mod. tms.

Davos. — Palace Hotel. — Summer 1939. Rooms from Frs. 6. Full board from Frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 feet.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—With its open-air Restaurant. Terrace on the Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. All comfort. Rooms from Frs. 7.

Glion (2200 ft. ab. sea-level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Hotel, view of Lake Geneva. Ten., Gar. 15 min. fr. Montreux.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hôtel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food & comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Terms from Frs. 11.

Klosters.—Sport Hotel Silvretta.—4,000 ft. Orch. Danc. Pens. fr. 15.— Electrically-htd. swim.-pool. Tennis. Walking. Mountaineering

Lausanne.–Belvedere Hotel.–Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

Lausanne.–Hôtel Meurice.–On the lake, 100 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage, Garden.

Lausanne.—Ouchy—Hotel Du Château.—First-class hotel in own park on the Lake. Room from Frs. 5 up. En pension from 12 up.

Lausanne. — Palace-Beau-Site Hotel. — Up to date, ideally sit. Ex. cuis. Bar-Grillroom. Orchs. Reas. rates. Lucien A. Poltera, Dir.

Lausanne.—Hotel Royal.—Super first-class. Unriv. sit. Sunny park. All rooms with priv. lav. Ex. cooking. Inc. terms from Frs. 16.

Lausanne. — Victoria. — First class. Magnificent view on lake and Alps. Rooms from Frs. 5. Inclusive from Frs. 12.

Lenzerheide.–Grand Hotel Kurhaus.–Leading 1st-class Hotel. Best pos. Large private park. Open-Air Restaurant. Terms from Frs. 13.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—**The Schweizerhof.**—In own large park. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. Ask for prospectus. F. Brenn, Propr.

Lucerne.–Carlton Hotel on the Lake.–1st-cl. Sit. in private grounds. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths. Park, Tennis, Garage.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation. Directly on lake shore. Quiet—yet central. Full pens. fr. Frs. 15.50.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Grand Htl. Palace.—Unrivalled sit. on the lake-prom.; quiet, cen., large park, open-air Restaurant

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—First-class. Best view, full sth. Own priv. swim. pool. Open-air rest. Mod. prices.

Montreux.—Hotel Excelsior.—Best lake-side sit. 100 rms. all South with balcony. Ideal for peaceful, comfort. stay. Wkly all incl. tms. in £

Oberhofen (Lake of Thun).–**Hotel Victoria.**–L'd'g in pos. and qual. Ev. com. P'k, B'th'g, Sail'g, Ten., Gar. W'kly arr'g'm'ts fr. Frs. 75.

Pontresina.—The Kronenhof.—The traditional English House.

Pontresina. — The Palace. — First class in every way. Own tennis courts. Garage. Inclusive rates from 15/-.

St. Moritz.—Badrutt's Palace Hotel.—Host to the Elite. Season June 15th to end of September.

Spiez.–B.O. Spiezerhof.–On lakeside, leading of district, all modern comforts. Private bathing in own grounds. Booklets by Boss, prop.

Thun.—Hotel Victoria-Baumgarten.—Cen. position, large park. Golf, Plage. Own trout-fishing river. Moderate terms. Diet.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—Leading htl. of the Jungfrau dist. offers you the most enjoyable sum. hol. Terms fr. Frs. 15.50. F. Borter, prop.

Zermatt.—The Seiler Hotel.—The very place for a really great holiday. Pens. terms from Frs. 10, 12.50 and 13 upwards.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.—Finest sit. at the entrance to Swiss Nat. Exhibition. Open-air terrace con. with Restaurant & bar.

No. 1857. Vol. CXLIII.

The Bystander

Angus McBean

Viennese Pianist—by Margaretta Scott

This fantasy of a keyboard and a pianist's dreaming face was inspired by Sidney Howard's interesting, well-written play about a young Austrian musician and her violinist father, both homesick exiles on the campus of an American women's college. Margaretta Scott plays the leading part in *Alien Corn*—the temperamental, stormy, emotional part of an artist frustrated in the execution of her art, with a double love complication thrown in. Her piano-playing is so good that only the careful angle of the piano from the audience can persuade her "hearers" that she is acting and not playing. But the acting of the whole cast is of a high quality (Mr. Farjeon will be reviewing the play next week)

SIX WEDDINGS

Sir Giles Loder and Miss Symons-Jeune

Sir Giles Loder and Marie Symons-Jeune were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and are honeymooning in Scotland. He is the third baronet, owns Leonardslee, a lovely place near Horsham, where his mother, Lady Loder, sometimes entertains Queen Mary. She is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Symons-Jeune, of Runnymede House, Old Windsor

Mr. Smyly and Miss Diana Mills

Richard Patrick Smyly, 13th/18th Royal Hussars, elder son of the late Major and Mrs. R. J. Smyly, and Diana Mary Christian Mills, only daughter of H. C. G. Mills, of New York, and Mrs. Mills, of 6, Neville Terrace, S.W.7, were also married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and have gone abroad for their honeymoon

CHILDREN IN THE NEWS

Social Register

Weddings, Engagements and Children

Model — Angus Stirling

Lady Marjorie Stirling used her six-year-old son Angus as model for a boy's jersey when she was selling at an exhibition of tweeds, rugs, and knitted goods made by Highland crofters. It was run by her mother, the Countess of Dunmore, and Mrs. Philip Fleming at Mrs. Fleming's house in Grosvenor Square

Page — John Jeremy Bellew

John Jeremy Bellew was one of the four pages at the Smyly-Mills wedding (see above) who all wore miniature uniforms of the bridegroom's regiment, the 13th/18th. He was carried off, rather disgruntled, by his nurse. His mother (right) is the Hon. Mrs. Patrick Bellew, Lord Decies' younger daughter

Bridesmaid — Rona

Five-year-old Rona Burrell was Symons-Jeune, bride of her cousin Sir white picture dress, with lily-of-the-valley Here she is with her mother, the and her elder sister Penelope. She of Captain and Mrs. Burrell's elder

Fayer

Mr. Bedford and Miss Jacqueline Fox

Yet another St. Margaret's, Westminster, wedding last week was that of John Guy Bedford, the only son of Major and Mrs. C. S. Bedford, of Old Steningford Hall, Ripon, Yorks., and Jacqueline Sylvia Fox, daughter of Sir John and Lady Fox, of Gresby Manor, Lincoln. Her father was knighted in the New Year's Honours for political and public services

Mr. Palmer and Miss Welton

Mark Palmer is the only son of the late Godfrey Mark Palmer, M.P., and Mrs. Palmer, of Grinkle Park, Loftus, Yorks. He married Rosemary Eileen Welton, elder daughter of Edward Welton, of 31, Knightsbridge Court, S.W.1, and the late Mrs. Welton, at St Paul's, Knightsbridge

Mr. John Rayner and the Hon. Joan Eyres-Monsell

A Caxton Hall register office wedding of last week was between John Rayner and the Hon. Joan Eyres-Monsell. He is a journalist and writer, and she is the second of the three daughters of Viscount and Viscountess Monsell, of Dumbleton Hall, Evesham, Worcs., and 19, Belgrave Square, S.W.1

Mr. Kenneth Urquhart and Miss Isabella Cairnes

Kenneth Urquhart and Isabella Jamieson Cairnes, of Rutland Court, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, were also married at Caxton Hall register office. He is well known as a G.R. and is now also a trainer. His first wife was the former Ruby Nevill, a niece of the Dowager Marchioness of Abergavenny

TWO ENGAGED COUPLES

Burrell

bridesmaid to Marie Giles Loder, wore a wreath and posy. Hon. Mrs. Burrell, is the twin sister son, John Raymond

Mr. Coke and Miss Patricia Cadogan

Gerald Coke, only son of Major the Hon. John Coke and the late Hon. Mrs. Coke, is engaged to Patricia Cadogan, eldest daughter of the Hon. Sir Alexander and Lady Theodosia Cadogan, of 18, Sloane Gardens, S.W.1. Her father is Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs

Miss Ann Bailey and Mr. Synnott

Ann Bailey, eldest daughter of Sir Abe Bailey, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Bailey, of 38, Bryanston Square, W.1, has announced her engagement to Pierce Synnott, son of the late Nicholas Synnott, and Mrs. Synnott, of Furness, Naas, Co. Kildare. She has a twin brother, Derrick, Sir Abe and Lady Bailey's elder son. Her sister Noreen is a 1939 deb

DEBUTANTE'S DANCE

Mr. Stanford, Miss Doreen Davison

Doreen Davison's dance was given for her last week by Lady St. John of Bletso in the St. John's' house in Ennismore Gardens, and the two houses on either side. It was actually warm enough for garden sitting-out, which Miss Davison does with Robert Stanford

The Hon. Anne Scott-Montagu, Miss Audrey Combe and Their Partners

Anne Scott-Montagu is the eldest sister of thirteen-year-old Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. Audrey Combe is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Lady Moira Combe; her mother gave a dinner-party before Lady St. John's dance for Doreen Davison, and presented her daughter at Court two nights later. Their sitting-out group included David Fellowes and Mr. S. Durlacher

SCOTTISH SALESWOMEN

Miss Stirling, Miss Leslie-Melville

Margaret Stirling and Helen Leslie-Melville helped at the Highland Home Industries exhibition last week (see page 80). Helen Leslie-Melville is a debutante this year, and sister of Judith Leslie-Melville, who has just announced her engagement to the Hon. Frederick Wills

Social Register: the Courts, Parties and People

ANOTHER DEB DANCE

M. J. de Sugny and Miss Joan Wakefield

Joan Wakefield shared her dance with another debutante, Margot Crowther; it was given for them both by their mothers at the Wakefield house in Avenue Road, Regent's Park. Joan Wakefield's father is W. W. Wakefield, the former Rugby international, and now M.P. for Swindon. The dance was full of Rugger players and Members of Parliament

Lady Patricia French and Mr. Grubb

An ex-debutante at Doreen Davison's dance was the Earl of Ypres' daughter, Lady Patricia French, who came out last year. She shared a wired-off sitting-out corner with R. Wadrin Grubb

YOUNG MARRIEDS IN LONDON

Mr. and Lady Prudence Loudoun

Mr. Francis Loudoun and his wife went to the premiere of the British flying thriller, "Q Planes," at the Odeon. Lady Prudence Loudoun is the Earl of Jellicoe's youngest sister

YOUNG MARRIEDS IN MONTE CARLO

Mr. and Mrs. Sebastian de Mier

The de Miers have been honeymooning at Monte Carlo, where the summer season is just getting under way. He is the son of Mrs. Arbuthnot Leslie, of Lickleyhead, Aberdeenshire, and she was formerly Mrs. "Patsy" Richardson

DEBUTANTES AT COURT

Miss "Sam" Hanbury

The seventeen-year-old daughter of the late Sir Cecil Hanbury and Lady Hanbury was presented at the fourth Court by her mother. She is training as a florist, and is also doing V.A.D. classes

Miss Annette Royds

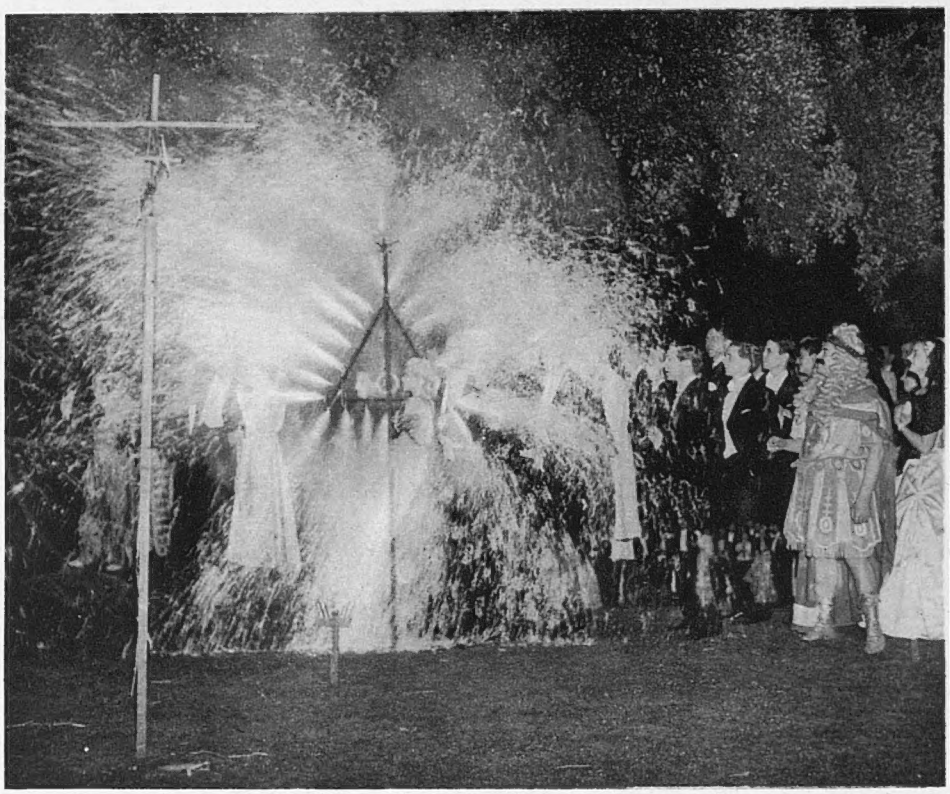
A sailor's daughter presented last week was Annette Royds, youngest daughter of Admiral Sir Percy and Lady Royds. Her mother presented her, and gave a dance for her a fortnight earlier at Kingston Hill

Miss Anne Cochrane

A Scottish debutante who went to the fourth Court in a frilly, lacy picture dress was Anne Cochrane, who was presented by her mother, Mrs. Harvey Cochrane, of Findrake, Torphins, Aberdeenshire

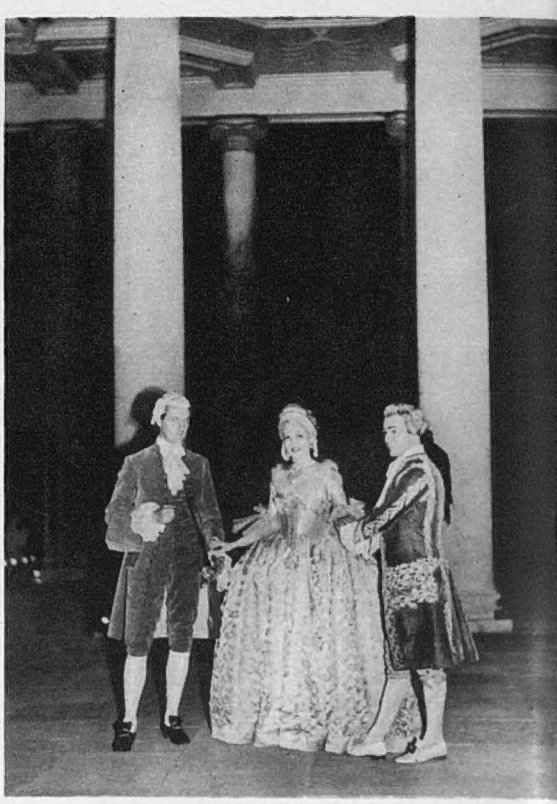
Miss Nancy Ferguson

Also Scottish is Nancy Ferguson, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Sir Arthur Ferguson, and Lady Ferguson, who presented her. She is a niece of Viscount Stonehaven, and is nineteen this year



Twentieth-Century Fireworks at an Eighteenth-Century Ball

The Georgian Group, society for the preservation of ancient buildings, were fortunate for their Georgian Ball and Fête Champêtre last Thursday, to secure Osterley Park, Middlesex, the residence of Lord Jersey. This faultless example of Adam architecture was packed with people, some in costume, who saw amongst other things a display of fireworks, a favourite eighteenth-century divertissement (cf. Goldsmith on Vauxhall); but not so near as this double exposure picture would suggest



Châtelain, Châtelaine, Organiser

Oliver Messel (left) was a leading organiser of the Georgian Ball, designed and planned most of the evening, and also the period dress of his hostess, Lady Jersey (see also pictures on page 107). He is seen appropriately posed with Lord and Lady Jersey (Virginia Cherrill) against two of Osterley's noble pillars

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. ROOSEVELT is going on with his fight for his amendment to the Neutrality Act. The Americans are strange people (but I don't suppose really that they are much stranger than anybody else). Their Neutrality Act, though, does seem particularly silly. Amid all the shouts about peace-loving and democracy-loving and so on, the Act can do nothing but help aggressors in the event of war. There is not the slightest doubt that it will be amended the moment a war breaks out, so why not do it now? That is Mr. Roosevelt's case, and it seems quite a reasonable one.

THE *Daily Telegraph* reports that Trieste is entirely in the hands of Germany. The policing of it is controlled by the Gestapo, and there is a steady passage of German troops in plain clothes through Trieste to Libya. Whether or not this report is true, it coincides with the evacuation of British and American residents from the Italian Tyrol. Something unpleasant, without any doubt, is happening in that district, and I am afraid that we shall hear about it later on.

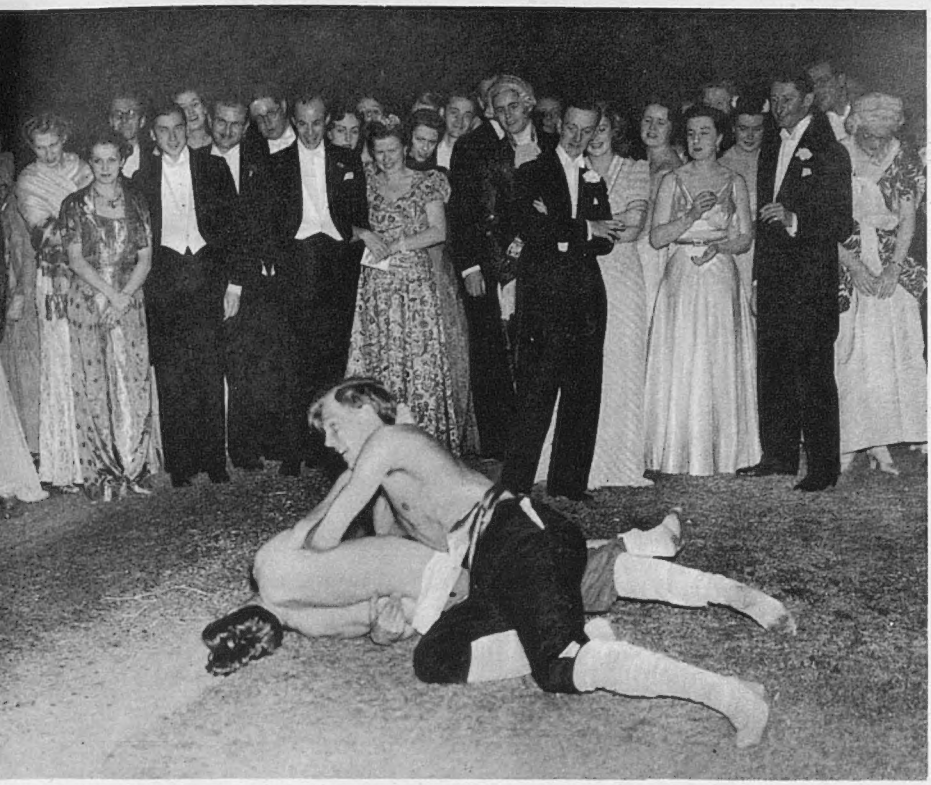
THERE is an incredible amount of loose thinking and sloppy talking going around on the subject of crisis and war. Anyone who is really interested in clear thinking and a quiet statement of facts ought to rush off at once and grab Captain Liddell Hart's new book, *The Defence of Britain*. The whole story is there, laid out with all the skill of our greatest military historian, from the widest possible aspect of strategy down to the drilling of a platoon. I think it is his best book so far, and that is saying something. The publishers are Faber and Faber.

LAST week France celebrated the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the outbreak of the Great Revolution, and the Right Wingers in France were in a sad dilemma about it. It is part of French patriotism to applaud the storming of the Bastille, but it goes against the grain for those stout reactionaries to applaud anything connected with the proletariat. Actually, of course, they should be delighted, because the French Revolution installed the upper-middle classes in power, where they have been ever since.

THERE is obviously a good case for the amalgamation of British Airways and Imperial Airways. But I can't help thinking that the Socialists had rather a good case against the financial arrangements of the merger. Imperial Airways has always been subsidised out of public money, and so when the shares were standing round about twenty-five shillings, obviously they were only doing so because of the taxpayer in the background. Then the Government come forward (with public money again) and buy the shares at thirty-two and sixpence. So the public pay the shareholders twice. At least, so it seems to me.

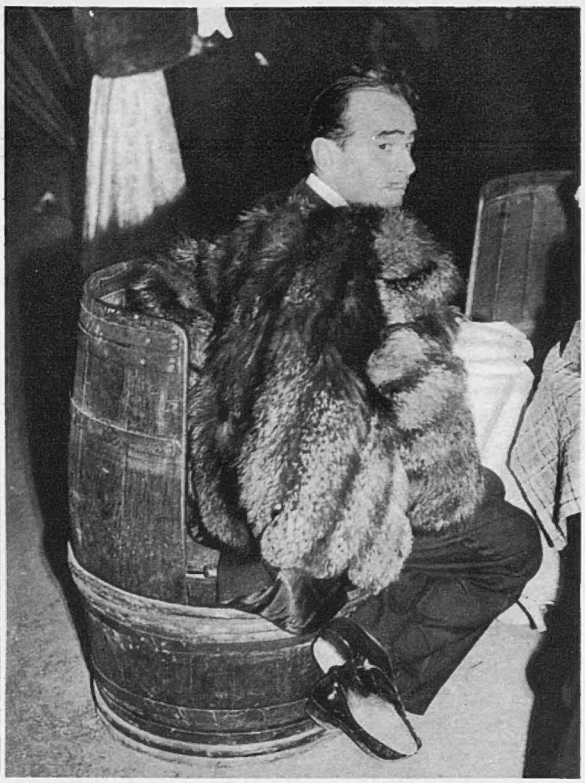
DR. BURGIN'S Ministry of Supply Bill has been amended in the House of Lords, and Dr. Burgin has accepted the amendment. It is to the effect that if in the interests of the Nation the Government manufactures armaments, it shall not do so for a period longer than three years, so as not to interfere with private trade. Sir Stafford Cripps pointed out that this ingenious device would obviously prevent the Government from setting up a plant on a big scale in case of emergency. He also added that during the last war he managed the biggest factory in the country at Queensferry. It cost seven and three-quarter millions to build, and it was immediately destroyed after the war for the very same reason that this amendment was put forward.

READERS of this page may have realised by this time that I am not a passionate admirer of the totalitarian system (if they haven't, the Editor of the BYSTANDER would be justified in tearing the inkpot from my shoulder and breaking my pen across his knee on the barrack-square of Illustrated House).



Cumberland Wrestlers Diverted the Georgian Revellers

Quite in keeping with the period style of the ball at Osterley Park were wrestling matches, though whether the beau monde played up and threw gold into the " ring " is not recorded. Other diversions were Handel's Water Music, played from a raft in the lake, 1000 pints of free beer in a beer-garden, footmen in period livery. Osterley has been much in the news this summer, is open to the public three days a week, with a guide-book on its wealth of pictures and decoration compiled by Lord Jersey himself



He Didn't Play

Douglas Fairbanks idea of Georgian dress may have been to wear his wife's furs, or may not, otherwise the man of many parts was quite twentieth century in white tie. He sits on one of the half-barrel seats in the beer-garden, where free ale (no gentleman's drink in the XVIII century) was supplied

But I must confess there are some things which the Axis States do better than we. For example, there are many square miles in Germany which are forbidden ground for British officers. Any officer found in these districts is liable under German law to capital punishment. Over here we take German Generals to visit our anti-aircraft defences, and while we are making underground oil reservoirs we allow the newspapers to publish the exact location of them. One newspaper actually said, " There is great secrecy about the precautions for the protection of oil and petrol supplies," and added that there are a large number of storage tanks at Fawley, near Southampton.

THE Government's policy on food-storing is not unlike the Government's policy on evacuation, on which I commented a few weeks ago. Then, you will remember, Mr. Elliot was saying one thing and Mr. Bernays, his fag, so to speak, was saying another. Now in the case of food, Mr. Elliot announced some months ago that householders might lay in supplies against an emergency if they liked, but that such supplies were liable to immediate confiscation if a war broke out. Now comes quite a new policy, and the householder is advised to lay in as much food as she possibly can. What was looked upon dubiously before has suddenly become a patriotic duty, which, of course, it was all along, if only it had been looked at in a common-sense way.

" THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS " has published a three-and-sixpenny book of great interest and originality, called *Inside Knowledge*. It consists of over thirty pictorial diagrams which graphically lay bare the inside workings of such things as St. Paul's, sailing-ships, submarines, battleships, aeroplanes, Westminster Abbey, and so on. It also has illustrated descriptions of how A.R.P. works, and what happens to gliders, and how wireless controls aeroplanes. It is an ideal birthday-present for a boy who is mechanically minded.

THE Malvern Festival will be in full swing in a moment. It is rather like the Old Stagers at Canterbury. The moment they have finished their show, the year spins round and they seem to be starting again. It is only ten minutes since the last Malvern Festival, and here is Mr. Ayliff hard at it again, rehearsing six plays simultaneously, and here is Mr. Shaw popping up once more with a new play. It 's all very confusing.

THE Imperial Social Hygiene Congress has been taking some nasty cracks at the cabarets in the Straits Settlements. In particular, one gent said some harsh things about the famous taxi-girls, who are so called because you pay them with a ticket for each dance, and so the imaginary meter ticks up. If these highly moral chaps have their way, the taxi-girls will be abolished and the world will be a duller place. I danced with them the other day in Penang, and the Chinese girls dance more exquisitely than any butterfly.

ON August 1st Bombay goes dry, and a jolly time is in store for all. The Europeans will be allowed a small ration of drink, but the famous clubs, the Byculla, the Willingdon and the Yacht Club, are going to be hard hit. The Congress Party, which has introduced prohibition, is doing so on the highest moral lines, of course. It 's just a lucky chance that simultaneously they can irritate the British. Actually, I can't help thinking that this second motive may be even more important than the first in their minds. Incidentally, I am very sorry for Mr. Alphonse Capone, who is still languishing in Alcatraz Prison, and so can't start the good work on Bombay Island for a while.

FOR the first time for some years a world boxing championship took place in this country between two British boxers. But there was no broadcast of the fight. This seems to me short-sighted policy by the promoters of boxing. Surely the way to keep people interested in anything is to tell as many people as possible about it. It is true that the White City was packed for the Harvey-McAvoy fight, but, taking a long view, it would have been better to let a million people listen so that, perhaps, ten per cent. of them would go to the next big fight.

THERE was an A.R.P. blackout at Ipswich the other day, and all the arrangements worked perfectly except that by mistake the clock on the Town Hall was brightly illuminated the whole time. With this trifling exception, the evening was a wow.

Lee Garmes

Maori Charm—by Baronova

Baronova did her Maori dressing-up act one fine morning (it must have been Sunday) when the photographer visited her and her husband, "Gerry" Sevastianov, in their London home. They have taken a service flat in Curzon Street while the Russian Ballet is at Covent Garden. There is a Maori legend about a lovesick princess who drowned herself in a lake where now the green stone is found which the Maoris carve into a charm, the tiki. This is what Baronova wears round her neck, and it, the beaded skirt, the headdress, and the record of Maori music to which she dressed up, she and her husband brought back as mementoes of the ballet's long winter tour of Australasia. Educational Ballets (of which Sevastianov is one of the three directors) are having a packed Covent Garden season this year — sold out every night. Their visit ends on July 29th. By rumour they go to Germany in September, to Australia in October, and to America in the spring

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"The Gentle People" (Strand)

THIS play by Irwin Shaw may be a moral lesson. It may be just a yarn. It is certainly the tale of two men in a boat. One (Abraham Sofaer) is a Jew. The other (Ernest Jay) is a Greek. Great races these—"ex-heavy-weight champions of the world." But now they are "gentle people"—gentle people with a passion for fishing, which passion they indulge four nights a week off Coney Island.

WHEN the curtain rises we see them in their boat and hear them laying happy plans for the future. The Jew has put by 190 dollars. Why not a bigger boat, with two bunks and a galley? Why not more distant waters where the sun shines always and swordfish abound? Such is their dream. But as there are gentle people, so there are gangsters, one of whom (Clement McCallin) demands five dollars a week for his "protection." If they won't pay, he'll sink their boat. So the nocturnal pleasure of these gentle people enters on a gloomier phase.

THE gangster gets into more than the boat of the gentle people. He gets into the Jew's own home, sweeps the Jew's pretty daughter (Gina Malo) off her feet, estranges her from her nice, steady young man (Ben Wright), learns from her lips of the existence of the 190 dollars, and promptly demands that they shall be handed over. There is a limit to sufferance. The Jew refuses. He invokes the law. But the law fails him. A brutal beating from the gangster with a rubber tube (not too pleasant for gentle people in the audience) is all he gets. What, then, are gentle people to do about gangsters? . . . And so to the boat out in the middle of the bay, with the gangster, who cannot swim, between the Jew and the Greek. As the curtain falls, they are fishing peacefully once more.

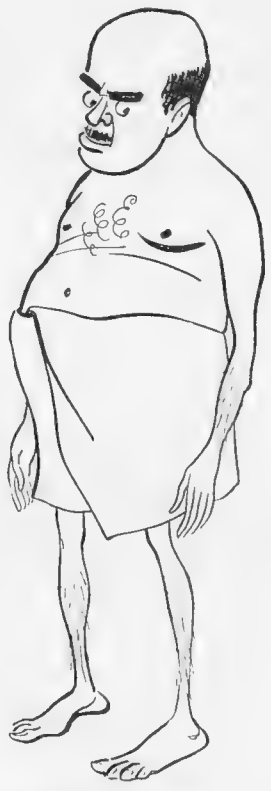
THIS may, I repeat, be a moral lesson. It may be just a yarn. Let us take it as the latter. Especially since the Jew and the Greek remove from the body of the murdered gangster more than he had stolen from them. This may be human, but since it is visited by no retribution, the lesson which might have been taught, that pitch defiles, is lost. And nothing is more dangerous than the suggestion that it is "quite all right" to murder and rob the wicked. Just a yarn, then. Especially since the Jew's daughter, immediately she hears that the gangster is no more, turns against him and connects once more with the nice, steady young man. Surely death in real life makes one more lenient, not more critical? For a while, at any rate.

A DIFFICULT play to produce. The sea on the stage is rarely convincing. There are passages where separate conversations are carried on simultaneously on the stage, a couple of lines from one group, a couple from the other, and so alternately, leaving the actors hard up for something to do while waiting to give a direct answer to a direct question. The scene-changes, too, present Mr. Gamble with a problem he but partially solves. Mr. McCallin makes a most objectionable gangster; Miss Malo is nice and wilful as the daughter; Mr. Sofaer and Mr. Jay somehow failed to win my heart to the fishermen. But that may be partly because I have not the slightest desire to catch swordfish.

Brooklyn proposal — not too well received: Eli (Ben Wright) and Stella (Gina Malo)

Sketches by Rouson

The gangster goes just too far: Goff (Clement McCallin) and Jonah (Abraham Sofaer)



Gentle person with murder in his heart: Philip Anagnos (Ernest Jay)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Big game in Uganda, according to the Game Warden's report for 1938, seem to be getting out of hand. Man-eating lions are becoming troublesome. Wild pig are increasingly destructive. Buffalo are a nuisance. Hippopotami are throwing their weight about, and attacking mail-vans. Elephants are prancing round and giving themselves airs, like the Wimbledon stars they so vividly resemble, though one of the native chiefs claims they have as much intelligence as Europeans. (The elephant he refers to picked up a burning log which had been chucked at him and fired his assailant's hut with it.) The Game Warden, whose officials and licence-holders shot 1500 elephants in 1938, hopes it will be unnecessary to increase the rate of killing. We fancy such a statement will not depress broken-hearted shikars as much as it did. Having been turned down by some snub-nosed chit in Mayfair to-day they can't rush forthwith to destroy wild life in Africa as they once could. For one thing, costs have rocketted. For another, destruction is strictly controlled. Hence, in the interval between rushing out into the night for ever and getting signed permits to wreak Love's revenge on lions, tigers, elephants, hippos, and whatnot, sahibs now have time to reflect, to calculate, to take counsel, to meditate, to compare, to ask themselves whether after all Millicent is worth it, damn it all. Mean to say, what 'll she be like in ten years' time? Bit leathery, eh? All that dewy-rosebud stuff well over. Bit peaky. Bit shrill, what? Bit of a bore too, that lisp will have become. Damned attractive now, dammit. Can't deny that. Still, look at her Mamma. Haybag. Point is (says the prudent sahib to himself at length, after a couple of weeks' intensive brooding), why spend all that time and money going after big game, not to speak of all that damn fuss and bother about licences first, when you can get fifty-two weeks' first-class golf for about half the cost? Having come to which sage conclusion, the sahib can hardly be blamed for downing one more congratulatory snifter and telling his man to pack for Sunningdale or St. Andrews.

Trek

The 5,000,000th visitor having entered the British Pavilion at the New York World's Fair the other day, as the British Commissioner officially reports, the meditative mind is haunted by two clear pictures: the one, chaste, cool, and noble, of the Pavilion itself; the second, painful, ignoble, and pitiful, of 10,000,000 hot, swollen aching feet, hobbling and shuffling and hopping round those shining floors, and 10,000,000 strained, strabismic eyeballs popping dazedly above them. The primal curse of every exhibition on earth is that the greater its embarras de richesses the more swiftly is the spectator the prey of acute physical discomfort from head to foot. Galleries like the Prado or the Uffizzi or the Vaticano are so crammed with beauty that the human eyeball swiftly revolts, out of pure inability to take in more than a small percentage of it, and as for the poor old suffering human dogs, they begin revolting even sooner. Hence the common spectacle, of which chaps who have been into the National Gallery may have told you, of rows of maiden ladies reclining on the seats, feebly waggling their naked toes in an ecstasy of relief.

The ideal distribution is, of course, one single masterpiece, whether painting or sculpture, and whatever its size, per room. (Compare the single chocolate, hat, or lump of coal in the more austerely patrician Bond Street window.) Eye-strain, fretfulness and fatigue would thus be banished, the happy spectator could concentrate properly and the National Gallery (for example) would merely have to be spread over a few more acres, taking in the Parks, Mayfair, and Clubland. The expense might be considerable, but a truly free and art-loving nation would not grumble at this, or, if it did, would simply get a crack on the sconce, as before.

Purge

Nearly £9000 for the Van Gogh self-portrait and £4000 for Picasso's "Harlequins"—the sale at Lucerne of modern works purged from German galleries as degenerate by Nazi Party standards certainly excited the dealers and wagged their Assyrian beards to some tune. At the same time, the Plain Man may well ask, if he has ever contemplated any of the obscener confections of the Surréaliste boys, where the moral delinquency of the above two works at least is apparent. And the Plain Man, though in many ways a notable ass, a cretin, a Grobian, and a beef-witted Yahoo, will for once be justified in flapping his long furry ears in bewilderment. "Degeneracy" is a word the judicious (especially those with no Axis to grind) will apply to art with extreme caution. Which, for example, is degenerate—that Watteau portrait of a dainty young gentleman recently stolen from the Louvre, or one of those Goyas full of fantastic demons and sorcerers and *"fœtus qu'on fait cuire au milieu des sabbats"*? Would you call a Valdes Leal canvas full of gaping tombs and rotting bodies more degenerate than Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen"? (Answers adjudged correct, subject to confirmation by a higher authority: (*a*) the Watteau; (*b*) No.) Landseer's celebrated work, in our pitiful view, is an obvious case, the pose and expression of that stag conveying such an odious parody of a Victorian Elder Statesman at full blast scourging the wickedness of foreigners that we shouldn't wonder if Voodoo entered into it somewhere. As for the symbolism of the antlers . . . ! We never see a reproduction of this evil work without shuddering.

"You won't be angry, Miss McGill, if I tell you how lovely the moonlight looks shining on your glasses?"

Meanwhile let 's hope the chap who sneaked the Watteau has made as good a thing out of it as his predecessor, the chap who sneaked the Monna Lisa. The full, enchanting story behind this was told recently by Philip Jordan. If to sell four perfect copies at a huge price immediately after the theft to four different millionaires, none of whom dare squeak or murmur when the real Monna Lisa is finally restored with a graceful gesture to the Louvre, is not big business method developed to a pitch of genius worthy of Leonardo himself, we 'd like to know what is.

Expedition

THAT recent *Times* correspondence over the authentic case of a native child in South Africa who was kidnapped some time ago by baboons, lived some years with them in the Bush, and has now returned to his own people, naturally puts the thoughtful in mind of Bloomsbury, and reminded us personally that the annual inspection demanded by many readers was about due. We plunged dutifully into the jungle, therefore, one evening last week, and found in every clearing huge barracks of flats replacing familiar Victorian landmarks. Only Mecklenburg Square, the last of the planned Bloomsbury Squares, is still intact ; though they say, in sore danger. Everywhere there are hoardings and dust-clouds and old Bloomsbury buildings crashing to earth, and we gathered from a friendly foreman that a lot of odd little chittering hairy creatures keep escaping from the cracks of floors and walls and scuttling into the dark. He said the workmen once used to fling rocks at these members of the Intelligentsia for fun, but now they hardly bother to take a passing swipe at them with a spade. We asked him if he 'd come across any cases of human children adopted by baboons and he said yes, there was a clearing house in Great Coram Street, where now and again a sad human form was seen at the windows, only to be dragged back by a hairy arm amid yells and drummings on the chest. He said the misshapen offspring of the Bloomsbury natives were very jealous of human children, and gibbered at them all day long. He said the Government couldn't do anything in the matter because of the Left Book Club.

At the principal Bloomsbury drinking-pools we found the usual collection of eerie shapes making the usual excited din, and a new note of perturbation seemed to be dominating the clamour. We found after tactful inquiry that the enormous new London University pile, brooding silently over Bloomsbury like Gertrude Stein as we once saw her at a party in Paris, is upsetting the natives badly. They 've heard that even in the Academic Groves bleak Auntie Truth has been known to rear her ugly head from time to time, and they fear the worst.

Forecast

MOATED granges are falling into the market like drunk estate-agents, we perceive. One such in Suffolk has just been offered for £1500, complete with moat, fifteenth-century panelling, beams, Tudor fireplaces, and oak floors ; just the place for a modern Mariana to get rid of the mopes in, the oratory in most old houses of this kind being the ideal size for a cocktail-bar. A few hundred years hence, when Posterity—which, as an eminent modern thinker recently remarked, will hate us exceedingly and with justice—is digging among the ruins, our successors will probably conclude that English mediæval domestic architecture made a big feature of the bar. All valuable books and manuscripts having vanished with the rest of our heritage in the general conflagration, Posterity will have only hearsay to guide it, and their children will learn from history-books showing coloured pictures of people in near-fifteenth-century costume flourishing mashie-niblicks and daggers, shaking cocktails, and waggling their hips to music played by howling Negroes on psalteries and saxophones. We can see such a picture in our mind's eye now, a terrible parody of the miniatures in the *Très-Riches Heures du Duc de Berry*, which lovely, noble book of prayers you can see at Chantilly to-day.

What is going to befuddle Macaulay's New Zealander even more, when he has finished sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, is the South Coast of England. Here and there, amid the luxuriant jungly vegetation with which kindly Nature has covered the twentieth century's shame, the archæologists will discover traces of endless rows of shoddy little erections in lath and cardboard, in which the English of the period presumably kept pigs. One long, continuous pig-sty from Selsey Bill to Rye—what a field for the learned ! The old fable that the twentieth century English were soppy about animals will be blown to bits. No lover of pigs (the learned will justly argue) would expose them thus to wind and weather. From this the learned will deduce in time that far from revering bow-wows, as the legend goes, the English probably ate them cooked in honey, like certain low-caste Chinese. On these speculations new *Outlines of History* will be based, illustrated with romantic and diverting pictures. And though such things will amuse Posterity, they will also increase its loathing of the twirps who threw away everything in 1940, and we can't blame Posterity either.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"But, dear—are you sure *they meant you to bring it home?"*

Films of the Day

Hungarian Plains and Devonshire Moors

By George Campbell

"RETOUR À L'AUBE" is, I suppose, a novelette—improbable, highly coloured and too intense; but then, so are all the real-life stories you read in the Sunday papers. So was the same author's *Grand Hotel*; so were *Oliver Twist* and *Crime and Punishment*. Please don't get me wrong. I am not suggesting that Vicki Baum is a Dostoievski or even a Dickens; but I do suggest that when it comes to screen material she knows her stuff.

Retour à l'Aube tells a story that every woman and most men will enjoy. Basically it is *Cinderella*, but a *Cinderella* rewritten in terms of 1939, with a wealth of irony, sharp observation and rip-roaring melodrama. At a little railway-siding in Hungary we meet the local station-master and his beautiful eighteen-year-old wife. A local manufacturer pulls the strings, the siding is promoted to the dignity of a regular stopping-place, and the station-master's wife is thrilled by her first contacts with the great world of her dreams, full of elegantly dressed women, handsome men who travel always by express and throw her kisses. She is a good girl and loves her simple husband, but she cannot help feeling envious and excited.

Chance makes it possible for her to wear the dresses and meet the men of the glittering Pullman world. A telegram sets the whole village agog. An aunt has died in Budapest. The girl must go up to attend the funeral and hear the will read. She is handed eight thousand francs, to the disgust of relatives less esteemed by the deceased; she misses the last train home, accepts an invitation from the local magnate to see night life in Budapest, gambles and tastes champagne and double-crosses the local magnate for a romantic man of the world who captivates her on sight. She follows him blindly, like a will-o'-the-wisp—follows him even to a room at the Grand Hotel. And just when she is wondering at her companion's restraint, there comes a hammering at the door, the cops rush in, and she is arrested as an accomplice of an international jewel-thief.

Is all this so improbable? Perhaps, but it is told smoothly enough to induce belief. I can believe, too, in the crook's final gesture that enables her to go free. Humiliated and crushed, she stumbles out into the dawn—by an imaginative trick of direction we see the hard, puzzled faces of the detectives instead of the disappearing girl—and catches the morning train back home. Shattered by her experience, she mutters incoherently of crooks and champagne, handcuffs and police; and her husband comforts her, and perhaps himself, with the assurance that she is talking nonsense: she has just fallen asleep and had a nightmare on the train.

Henri Decoin, besides collaborating on the adaptation, has directed brilliantly; and Danielle Darrieux scores a triumph as the country wife. In a part ranging all the way from comedy to wistful sentiment and tearing melodrama, she is superb.

"Retour à l'Aube" *("Return at Dawn") is the film which gets the laurel this week from our critic. Danielle Darrieux is the central figure, that of a country girl who goes up to the city and nearly gets into several sorts of trouble, as with the handcuffs here. Henri Decoin, Danielle's husband, directed*

I HAD misgivings about *The Hound of the Baskervilles* from the beginning. To show the baronet's death and the inquest, reported in the book by Dr. Mortimer, that's right enough; but Dr. Mortimer himself is as wrong as wrong could be. Perhaps you remember the opening scene, where Watson applies Holmes's methods to the stick left by a visitor, and succeeds in arriving at all the wrong conclusions. Holmes is just giving him the well-known lesson in inductive logic when in walks the owner of the stick; and in all the Sherlock Holmes series there is nothing more delightful than the picture of the enthusiastic palæontologist immediately examining the detective with the enthusiasm of the collector: "Ah, you interest me very much, Mr. Holmes. I had hardly expected so dolichocephalic a skull or such well-marked supra-orbital development. Would you have any objection to my running my finger along your parietal fissure? A cast of your skull, sir, until the original is available, would be an ornament to any anthropological museum. It is not my intention to be fulsome, but I confess that I covet your skull."

The film, just to increase the mystery, makes the likeable, amusing young eccentric middle-aged and sinister and a bit of a bore, and in a dozen other ways opportunities for effective characterisation and incident have been lost. Basil Rathbone makes quite a good Sherlock Holmes, far better than Jimmy Cagney would have been, Nigel Bruce is a recognisable Watson, and the others, mainly English, are all adequate.

THE biggest of the other new films is *Man of Conquest*, all about Sam Houston, the Texas filibuster who succeeded in licking the Mexicans in 1836 and setting up the Lone Star Republic, merged nine years later in the Union. It should be exciting, but, thanks to a stodgy performance by Richard Dix, grown heavy of body and manner, it isn't. The best scene is the battle in which the Texans under Houston rode over the Mexican army commanded by that cold-blooded scoundrel Santa Anna.

Less ambitious, but much livelier, is the British *Q 'Planes*, produced by Irving Asher at Denham. As a general rule, when it comes to secret rays that stop 'plane engines in mid-air, and all that sort of thing, you can include me out. Here they get away with it. A fast-moving yarn of espionage in a shadow factory is acted with charming verve and humour by Ralph Richardson, Valerie Hobson and Laurence Olivier.

"Old Bill" Sees the World : By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"And another thing, I don't want to see no skylarkin' and muckin' around with girls, like there was at Ladysmith"

"Bystander" Short Story

Clarence Tapwood's Intimations of Immortality

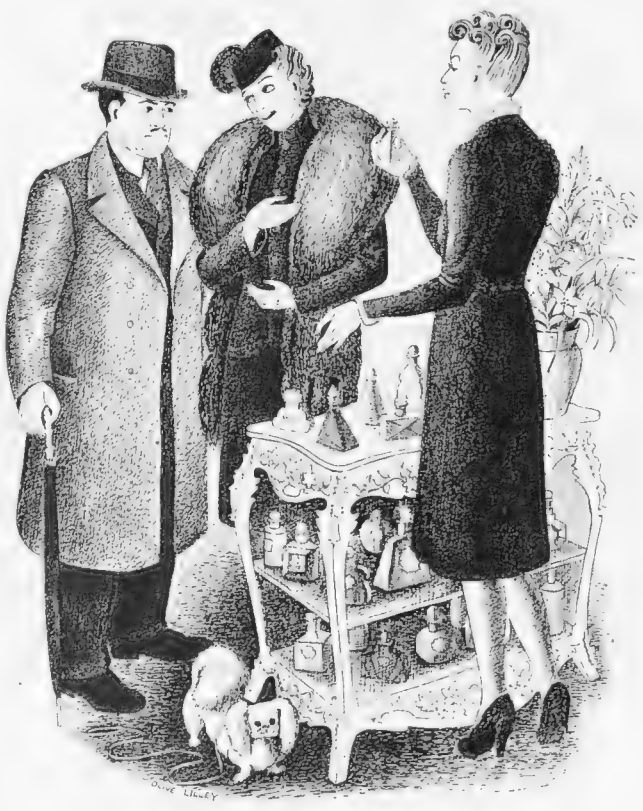
By Mary Tearle

Illustration by Olive Lilley

I EXPECT it was Katherine who started me thinking. Somehow, whenever I think, it is because Katherine puts some damfool notion in my head. It 's not a comfortable way to live, and sometimes—oh, very rarely—I wish almost that Kath hadn't got such heavenly legs and such a loving mouth, and a way of saying "Oh, honey, come *on*!" that makes me feel as though the soles of my feet are made of cotton-wool. Because if she hadn't, we 'd not be living so full of love and drink and fun. I mean, we 'd probably not be living together at all, and then I could think where and when I pleased, and not have Kath starting me off on some damfool notion. Now, if you take to-day, I 'm sure it was she who started me thinking. We walked down Bond Street before lunch and she looked like heaven, with the new furs I gave her last week curled round and round her shoulders so that her face resting on top of them was like a smooth, pinkish flower. I think I mean a magnolia. Anyway, when I told her so she squeezed my arm. "Oh, Clarence!" she said. "Clarence, you 're the *tops*!" And when Kath says that kind of thing there 's no mistake—you *are* the tops. Momentarily, anyway. I felt like God Almighty, even when I did see myself, shadowy, reflected in a shop window. I think shop windows are apt to distort, in any case; I always have.

Well, then we went into the shop where she buys her scent. "A tiny bottle only, honey," she said. She 's thoughtful in so many ways, is Kath. But we got quite bewildered with the rows and rows of bottles. "Flagons," the superior, hipless wonder behind the counter kept calling them. "Have you seen this new flagon of 'Grande Amoureuse?'" she said, and we laughed—not loud, of course, but sort of sweet and friendly. Kath's favourite bottle was shaped like a maple leaf and had a gold label across it with "Toujours à Toi" twined in purple letters. We bought the largest size, after all, because the hipless wonder told us all scent matures the longer you keep it. Like wine, I suppose. I carried the parcel: they did it up in pale yellow paper tied with the sort of tape that has the name of the shop printed all along it. It certainly was a neat parcel. Kath took my arm and said how hard and strong it felt. "Oh, honey, isn't it heaven to be rich?" she said. "Lovely, lovely, rich, expensive Clarence, let 's lunch." So we lunched at the Ritz, and I didn't think the champagne cocktails were any better than the ones we have sent up to our flat in Park Lane. But Kath adored it all, the Ritz, and the drink, and the polished, sleepy-eyed people. "How we live!" she sighed, and her mouth when she smiled was deliciously curved, and shiny as though she 'd put olive oil on top of the rouge. With her pale skin and those lips, and the furs that I gave her last week thrown back across her chair, she looked like a young countess at least.

After lunch, when she 'd gone off to play bridge I didn't feel so good. I walked back to the flat taking her parcel for her. It was cold, with the kind of wind that goes in at your ears and through to the inside of your spinal cord. And when I saw myself reflected in a window in Park Lane it was more distorted even than usual. The reflection, I mean, of course, not myself. But I squared my shoulders and said to myself, "Now, Clarence, my dear chap, no damfool notions." When I was a kid I used to have such fits of depression because of thinking hard and *inwards*, that I used to say, "Now, Clarence, no damfool notions." Nearly always that used to stop the depression. Except in cases when I 'd been reading poetry, Shakespeare particularly. "Come away, Come away, Death, And in sad cypress let me be laid," and all that. There never seemed to be a cure for that. But this afternoon it wasn't poetry that depressed me—in fact, I wasn't really depressed at all. In fact, I told myself, going up in the lift to the flat, it 's the cold, and I shouldn't be surprised if it 's not just common indigestion, too. All that lunch. After all, I expect that an eight-and-sixpenny lunch should be able to produce an equivalent discomfort. So I took some magnesia, and ordered some tea, and turned on the imitation log fire. It 's a really wonderful fire, almost like the real thing, only, of course, not so hot. Then I unpacked Kath's parcel of scent so she 'd find it standing on the dressing-table when she came in. I wish I could describe Kath's dressing-table. The exciting smell of nail polish and lotions and face powder, and, of course, Toujours à Toi. Tortoise-shell brushes and combs with little gold twirls on them. Not initials. Kath was always sensible about that. Because of our travelling about so much, and not being married, I mean. My name being Tapwood and her's Clarke made it difficult with luggage, too. We had to be careful. "Mr. and Mrs. Tapwood," she 'd write in hotel registers, and finish it with a flourish and a quick look sideways at me, and then she 'd laugh like an angel. So, as I say, she was sensible about not having initials on her brushes and combs.



When I sat a bit forward on her dressing-table stool I could see myself three ways, in the triple mirror. Funny how different the left side of people is to the right. My left side looked a bit peaked, more interesting than my right. Besides, as my hair parting was on the right side, the thin patch just at its top showed more than I 'd realised. The right side of my face looked like the familiar Clarence Tapwood, successful financier, stout fella, a little thin on the top, but well preserved for fifty years of age. And the left side looked thinner, more jawbone, somehow, and more years than fifty. "Come away, Come away, Death." Gosh, how sad I felt sitting in front of Kath's mirror looking at myself three ways. Front face I could say to myself, "*Hello*, old chap," and to my right side, "So that 's Clarence Tapwood," but to my left side, nothing except old poetry and songs like "Come away, away, away, Death"—I felt suicidal, I can tell you. Full of damfool notions. What was it Kath had said this morning? "Oh, isn't it heaven to be rich! Rich, darling, expensive Clarence!" Something like that. It 's difficult to explain why I wished she hadn't said it. My left side in the mirror would understand, but not the Clarence Tapwood side, on the right. I felt chockful of damfool notions. And wind. God damn and blast! I said, but it didn't do any good. Swearing all alone never seems to. Of course, Kath liked us being rich. And, of course, I do, too. Think of the

(*Concluded on page* vi)

Women in Uniform

5. A.R.P. in Chelsea

The sinister rattle *means there is gas about*

The cheerful bell *is the "all-clear" signal, given by a human being with a smiling face, instead of the terrifying robot-warden who rattles the gas warning. Wardens are the eyes and nerves of A.R.P., and enough are wanted to have one at least for every street, every block of flats. They are trained in anti-gas, first-aid, fire-fighting, message-sending, should know the gas mains, electric cables, telephones, trenches and shelters of their sectors, as well as the inhabitants*

This gas-proof room *cost less than £10 to equip, can be transformed from a pleasant, chintz-curtained, pile-carpeted dining-room into a fully-equipped and protected shelter in less than an hour. In wartime it could be made airtight in a few minutes. (As readers of the A.R.P. Handbook for householders know, contents of a "gas-room" are varied, and, as listed, very comical, but the humour of the catalogue is a peace-time luxury.) Benita Lady Hotham, widow of the late Lord Hotham, is the householder — in Chelsea Park Gardens — who made this A.R.P. experiment*

The airlock *can be fitted to a doorway, without damaging the paint, in a few minutes. All Lady Hotham's household know the drill, and helped to assemble the gasproof room in the shortest possible time*

Contaminated clothing *after a gas raid is removed with the help of a comrade wearing full protective dress. Quick, efficient undressing is part of an A.R.P. member's regular drill. Here Doris Barclay practises on Miss Hervey Bathurst, with the Hon. Jocelyne Hotham as supervisor*

Decontaminating a car *is a stiff job, usually done by men, but also part of training for women in the Transport Service. The car is hosed over, sprayed with bleach, which is left on for half an hour, then washed, finally left in the open for forty-eight hours before it is safe to use. Here Doris Barclay and Jocelyne Hotham have been joined by Pauline Andrews. All three work in the Transport Section of Chelsea A.R.P.*

Women in Uniform

5. A.R.P. Service (continued)

Of all the activities taking place under the "We've Got to Be Prepared" slogan, A.R.P. touches more ordinary people in their home and office life than any other (so would air raids). Volunteers of both sexes are enlisted, but women play a vital part in the organisation, and some work, at first-aid posts, canteens, telephone boards, is entirely theirs. They are also ambulance and transport drivers, messengers, wardens, storekeepers, and, in huge numbers, clerks and secretaries, doing full-time voluntary work in every Town Hall, in offices, basements, concert halls. Borough and County Councils run and finance the service, with the help of Government grants, and with the co-operation of other organisations, such as the Red Cross, the Ambulance Services, and the Women's Voluntary Services for Civil Defence, who help to enrol and classify volunteers

Bandaging *has been a female conversational gambit for months. ("Can you do a capelline?" "When is your exam?" "May I have your leg to practise on?") Here is Pamela Stanley, the stage Queen Victoria, treating a supposed casualty in the recent A.R.P. rehearsal in Chelsea, with Bridget Patterson, daughter of Kent cricketer W. H. Patterson, holding the victim's head*

Civilian duty respirators *are disinfected after use by members Hotham, Barclay and Hervey Bathurst. This is a brief process compared to mustard-gas decontamination, when the gas-mask is taken to pieces, the face-piece boiled for three hours, and the container and eye-pieces treated with bleach ointment. Jocelyne Hotham is the daughter of Benita Lady Hotham, whose dining-room appears on the previous page*

Final decontamination *takes place under the cleansing-room shower, all clothing having been left in covered bins to go to the "mustard laundry." Eyes are washed with a special spray before the shower. This cleansing room at Chelsea's A.R.P. Depot is one of the most up to date in London*

Telephone girls *in the basement at Chelsea headquarters would receive all raid news on slips of paper which are passed into the control room. Telephonists Linn, Lund and Southgate, and messenger Carter here are all L.C.C. stenographers. Orders go out on a different group of telephones*

The control board *covers a whole wall; here gas areas, blocked roads, position of rescue-parties repair and decontamination squads, doctors, etc., are marked up*

The Telephone Girls and the Control Board

Ambulances *are driven by women who must be technically skilled, reliable, cool-headed drivers, and must know their district intimately. Local topography is specially studied by every A.R.P. Transport Section. Here Jean Campbell and Pamela Tandy were puzzling out an S.O.S. instruction*

First-aid stations *are improvised wherever there is space and good protection, in this case a children's public library in Chelsea. Evelyn Samuel is the bandager, Susan Hambro prepares more dressings, while the victim, Miss Forster Cooper, acts her part with the help of a hot-water bottle. Susan Hambro recently announced her engagement (see page 100). First-aid training is given by the L.C.C., the Red Cross, St. John Ambulance Brigade, St. Andrew's Ambulance Corps*

His home, *where the fourth Mme. Guitry is now châtelaine, is the attractive, modest, unstylish Château de Ternay*

Monsieur Sacha Guitry

France's leading actor-author and some of the many sides of his much-publicised life

His new film *is called "There Were Nine Bachelors" ("Il y avait neuf Célibataires"), and stars Elvire Popesco opposite him. He and she are seen on the set above, and on the left a doctor takes the great man's blood pressure before shooting begins. Guitry directs the picture himself. Latest French joke about Guitry's film activities is to call his art "le cinémoi"*

His wife *was Geneviève de Serréville before their marriage last month at Her family, aristocratic army people, insisted on a religious ceremony, and c fourth marriage is, in the eyes of devout France, his first. Geneviève Guitr actress in her own right, has as predecessors Charlotte Lysès, Yvonne Printemps,*

His biographer *Goncourt Academician Guitry, Roi du Thé candidature for the divided the Academy However, he was e opportunity at his scourge the members*

ntenay-la-Fleury. quently Guitry's who is a film- cqueline Delubac

René Benjamin, ho wrote "Sacha" Guitry's recent ncourt not only but also Paris. d and took the xt broadcast to had opposed him

Leo A. Leigh

***Guitry himself** is fifty-four. From childhood he has been used to fame. His father, Lucien Guitry, was an actor who moved in top circles, spent much talent on the St. Petersburg stage, where Sacha made his first appearance at the age of five. His first play was written at seventeen, and since then a hundred have been written and ninety produced. He first appeared in London in 1920, in New York in 1926, went into films in 1935, and made soon after an almost one-man film, "Le Roman d'un Tricheur," which scored an immense success with his admirers and further exacerbated the numerous Frenchmen who loathe him for his egotism and flamboyance. His fondness for publicity makes Guitry the favourite butt for Parisian anecdotes, spoken or printed, often of an intimacy which is startling to Englishmen brought up on a free press. But no tendency towards mountebankcy can obscure in Guitry one of the most vigorous and versatile talents in France*

***Fifteen miles** from Piccadilly, Bea Lillie poles her guests across the lake in perfect rusticity: from left to right they are Lady Ann Nicholls, Martin Coffin, Walter Crisham, Kenneth Carton, Lady Milford Haven and her son, Lord Milford Haven*

MOST top people in the theatre world know by now the way to the Aviary, the elegant house that Beatrice Lillie has taken from Lady Anglesey this summer: out along the Great West Road to Gillette Corner, down by a long mellow brick wall till you come to green gates that open into a bushed drive. Inside this wall Bea Lillie has a domain which does justice to her ranks both of baronet's widow (her son, Sir Robert Peel, has just finished at Harrow) and of queen of revue and cabaret (she has been in a West End floor show for weeks, has broadcast this summer). The Aviary's attractions include a swimming-pool, a hard tennis court, a croquet lawn, a lily-pond, a lake with ducks and a gondola. We show you them and the châtelaine and some of her guests

***Lilies:** down by the lake Bea Lillie, characteristic in her Juliet cap, leans perilously over the water to pick her flower namesake. Ducks, another lake attraction, are semi-wild and kept away from the camera*

***Treading water** for the camera are Joan Swinstead, sister of Oriel Ross, and Walter Crisham, who treads the stage as agilely every night in the long-running "Gate Revue"*

The guests *at the Aviary are mostly occupiers of important positions in "Debrett" or "Who's Who in the Theatre," as witness Dorothy Dickson, on Bea Lillie's right, and Lord Milford Haven and his mother on her left*

The house, *built well before Victorian Kultur set in, is of gracious and pleasing design, but of no pure style—note the Georgian door with Tudor moulding above it, also the generous ground-floor window space. Lady Anglesey is the owner of the Aviary, and we hope she has made Bea Lillie sign a long lease*

The "Bystander" visits

Beatrice Lillie at the Aviary, Gillette Corner

Photographs by Swaebe

Swinging their hostess *into the pool, of which she says "Never seen a better one, and that goes for Hollywood," are Crisham and Martin Coffin, son of Frances Starr, American actress*

This group *with the quiet old house and garden for its background is made up of Joan Swinstead, Martin Coffin, Mrs. Leslie Henson, Walter Crisham, Isabel Jeans—just back from the New York stage—Kenneth Carton and the hostess*

Four Engagements

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Patricia Hambro

Patricia Hambro is the eldest of the four daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Angus Hambro, of Merly House, Wimborne, Dorset. She is engaged to Jack Woodroffe, only son of Brig.-General C. R. Woodroffe, of North Wells, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, and the late Mrs. Woodroffe. Her father has been M.P. for North Dorset since 1937 (he was M.P. for South Dorset from 1910 to 1922)

Susan Hambro announced her engagement two days after her cousin Patricia, to Christopher Fuller, of Jaggards, Corsham, and 16, Montpelier Row, S.W.7. He is the brother of Sir Gerard Fuller, Bt., and she is the daughter of the late Sir Percy Hambro, and Lady Hambro, of 12, Egerton Gardens, S.W.3. (A snapshot of her appears on page 95.)

Navana

Miss Susan Hambro

Fayer

Miss Marjorie Leigh

Marjorie Leigh is being married on Friday at St. George's, Hanover Square, to Captain William Frederick Bovill, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bovill, of Sondes House, Bekesbourne, Kent. She is the only daughter of Sir John Leigh, Bt., and Lady Leigh, of Witley Park, Godalming, Surrey, and 6, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.1

Fayer

Miss Anne Mary Bates

Another July wedding is that of Anne Mary Bates to Captain John Oliver-Bellasis next week (July 29th). She is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Bates, of Manydown Park, Basingstoke, Hants. He is in the Royal Fusiliers, and is the younger son of the late Captain Oliver-Bellasis, and Mrs. Oliver-Bellasis, of Shilton, Coventry

Anthony

Nina Verchinina in "Choreartium"

When Massine created his first symphonic ballets, *Présages* and *Choreartium*, in 1933, he discovered in Verchinina the first "symphonic dancer." As Action in *Présages* and in the Andante of *Choreartium*, she was the supreme executant in the new style demanded by Massine of his dancers, a blend of the classical and the Central European schools. After six years she is still the one dancer who can completely fulfil the ideal she herself set up in these parts and in the Pastoral scene of *Symphonie Fantastique*. It is interesting that no such role is outstanding in Massine's fourth symphonic ballet, the Beethoven Seventh. Verchinina left the de Basil company after the 1936 season, was married to the American composer, Stewart Chase, and since then has been leading dancer and ballet mistress of the ballet in San Francisco. Now she is back at Covent Garden, and has had considerable success in a role not hitherto associated with her—as Chiarina in *Carnaval*. In his article in last week's issue, Mr. Haskell suggested that there is yet another part she might be called on to play—that of choregrapher

Drawing by Sir Francis Rose

New York Letter

By Lorine Pruette

East-bound by sea *were Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power who sailed from New York for a belated honeymoon in Italy. Annabella (Mrs. Power) has been in London for some weeks, screen-wise, in "Hôtel du Nord." Tyrone Power was last here as Jesse James, and comes next in "Second Fiddle," which is full of Irving Berlin tunes, and has Sonja Henie as Mr. Power's team-mate*

East-bound by air *were Mrs. Alfred Wolf and Mrs. Ogden Reid, the first women to fly from America to England in the Yankee Clipper over the northern route. Mrs. Wolf and her husband left a note for their maid: "Gone to England, back in a week." Mrs. Reid who was given the 'plane's bridal suite, is vice-president of the New York "Herald-Tribune," and was one of the most important of the crowd of important American journalists who crossed in the Clipper*

Movie Notes

THE arrival of Charles Laughton, who has not been in America since 1935, and Maureen O'Hara, who appears with him in *Jamaica Inn*, makes for some sort of fair trade, or reciprocity, or even a favourable balance on our side with Mr. Laughton weighing what he does. The red-haired Irish lass has been the subject of such glowing reports from London that we are eager over here to see her first picture. Interviewed on the Queen Mary, Mr. Laughton let everybody know that he thinks Miss O'Hara is marvellous, and that he has long cherished a passionate desire to play *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. RKO is going to gratify his desire, and odds are long that Maureen will have the role of Esmeralda.

If William P. Buckner, Junior, on trial charged with a million-dollar fraud in Philippine Railway bonds, wins his case, he goes back to Loretta Young; if he doesn't he goes to jail. Several film companies have assigned script writers to cover the Buckner trial, in case it might turn into a scenario.

The finished version of *Gone with the Wind* will be cut, according to Selznick-International, to about 20,000 feet of film, to run for at least three hours; premiere late in November.

New York is buzzing with the story that movie-czar Will Hays is on his way out. New blood is said to be needed. His successor may be, according to the gossips, Nelson Rockefeller, grandson of the former John D. Rockefeller, who represents the family in various artistic interests, including the Museum of Modern Art which had a gala opening of its new two-million-dollar home last month. Society of intellect as well as money was represented at the opening.

Edith Evans Comes to Town

ANOTHER visitor from England is Edith Evans, who said she had come over here not for a rest but to get "gingered up" after playing a parson's wife for more than a year and a half. She is spending her short vacation seeing plays and friends (including Ruth Gordon with whom she appeared at the Old Vic in *The Country Wife*), and the Fair. The distinguished actress has had three engagements in our town, the last being in the role of the nurse in Katharine Cornell's *Romeo and Juliet*. Among her activities she has included a week-end at Alexander Woollcott's famed island hermitage and the purchase of six hats at Hearn's for 94 cents each, and a dress to match at Hattie Carnegie's, at a figure more astronomical.

Fair Notes

EVERYBODY is calm and happy now in the Amusement Area girl shows at the Fair, since License Commissioner Paul Moss made an inspection of the midway, and pronounced Rosita Royce, who has only her doves, and most of the epidermical acts O.K.

The next headache at the Fair to be dealt with was the charge of excessive prices at the restaurants. Grover Whalen reports that he has conducted a check-up in person of ten eating-places and finds that, although the French Pavilion runs to a seven-dollar dinner, the average Fairgoer gets a four-course meal for 43·3 cents.

The Fair's motto continues to be service-all-the-way. The latest revelation concerns inebriated visitors who have parked their cars and are in no condition to drive them home. A tag is pinned to the visitor, telling him where his car is parked, and he is driven home in a taxi, address having been secured from his licence.

So You're Coming to New York

TWO recent books will tell you just about all you need to know, if you're visiting our town this summer. One of them is sponsored by Mayor La Guardia and is called *New York Advancing*. It tells the story of the five years of progressive administration which have done so much to make New York a handsomer and pleasanter place to live in. This paper-bound volume is full of facts. New York covers an area of 322 square miles; Broadway, the great white way now turned red and green by neon lights, runs eighteen miles from the Battery to Westchester. There are 5520 miles of streets and highways—almost as far as to the Pacific Coast and back again. There are more than seven million residents, more than two million of whom are foreign born (the largest number are Russian, then Italian, Polish, German, Irish, Austrian). We consume more than a billion quarts of milk a year, and the city water comes from a hundred miles above the city. More than 2000 churches and more than 300 hotels, and more than 600 theatres. And so forth, in a valuable book for the serious-minded.

The other book is Clara E. Laughlin's *So You're Visiting New York*, which got this old resident in a tissy to start walking over the city and seeing the things to be seen. This small book has an amazing amount of interesting material. New York's history begins with the coming in 1609, of Henry Hudson, an English navigator sailing the Half Moon with a crew of eighteen men. He entered the Bay of New York—which was to become the greatest shipping centre in the world—and sailed up the great river which now bears his name, seeking a passage to the South Seas or China. Just above the Battery, where the immigrants used to land, is the little park of Bowling Green, where Peter Minuit bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for $24 worth of beads and cloth, in 1626.

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Valhalla Complex

By V. S. Pritchett

THE Germans are a disappointing people. We are always expecting them to ripen and they do not; we are always assuming that the nice Germans inside and outside Germany are the real Germans, and that one day their civilisation will assert itself. I doubt it. Those famous peaceful cheers that so comforted the ear of Mr. Chamberlain at Munich, for example—were they pacific? With Herr G. R. Halkett, the author of *The Dear Monster* (Cape; 10*s.* 6*d.*), I agree this is unlikely. They were cheers for their own victory:

"It had been not only a victorious war, but the Ideal War, dear to the German mind ever since the Teutonic heroes of old dreamt about the dangerless wars in Valhalla."

The back door of the German mind is always open to the howling wind and mists of mythology; and if we talk of the kindly pacific German, we should remember what we know about our own pacifists—that they are the most ruthless people on earth.

Nations, like people, are at different psychological ages. The Germans are the adolescents of Europe—vital, subject to perversions, idealistic, and blind to reality. The Germans incurably believe in their delusions; when hard experience, like the defeat of 1918, shows them that reality does not click its heels, give the German salute and conform to their idealism, they have a nervous breakdown, and collapse. It is the fate of rigid minds to have an irresistible bent for suicide. Books like Herr Halkett's are important, for they disturb our moral complacency about ourselves and Germany, and show the fruitlessness of our chief standby—moral indignation. The sooner we drop that the better. Moral indignation is the soothing alcohol of the static mind; it is a sign of that paralysis which the Germans, with their ruthless, if too simplified, penetration, have perceived in English life. This is the lesson underlying Herr Halkett's most charming, friendly and candid book. An officer of the land-owning class, he was too young to get the brunt of the war, and after it, like many of his kind, he was uprooted and without caste. He drifted towards Left Wing politics—Communism was strong in Thuringia—but took little active part. He joined the Wandervögel, and he is exceptionally interesting on that romantic movement, whose anti-intellectuality and exaltation of instinct led to so many unhappy marriages and eventually to the grimmer side of Fascism. When the Nazis came, Herr Halkett thought he had better clear out, but after starving in Majorca, he went back, worked with the Nazis, and, but for anti-Semitism and the terrible social and moral decay of German life under Hitler, he would have stayed there. He cleared out because he could not stand living in a prison—not only because prison life is not free, but because it is corrupting.

IF Herr Halkett covers the grim condition of life in Germany during the last twenty years with a delightful irony and charm, without losing his sense of the incurable delusion of the German mind, Herr Rauschning analyses the Nazi movement with an unembroidering and relentless mind. A landowner and President of the Danzig Senate under Hitler, he now realises that German Conservatives made a fatal mistake in backing the Nazis. This is a book of enormous importance, and it was written for Germans and not to soothe the English ear with moral platitudes and wishes. *Germany's Revolution of Destruction* (Heinemann; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is not, as the title suggests, a piece of stop-press melodrama, but a stiff piece of political

Alyse Simpson

Miss Simpson's book, "The Convent," in which she describes how she decided to become a nun and why she changed her mind, is reviewed on this page

scholarship. Hitler's successes, inside and outside of Germany, have come not from the creation of a new vital doctrine, for Nazi-ism is utterly devoid of doctrine; it is a triumph of tactics. And Hitler's opponents, so far, have understood everything except tactics. The result has been constant, intoxicating success at the expense of every moral value; the direction—to pure anarchy. Herr Rauschning is most revealing about the dissensions with the Nazi party and the impossibility of living under the strain of present conditions in Germany. The question is: will Germany's nihilism bring down Western Europe too? There are some shrewd statements to which we ought to pay attention. We are inclined, for example, to believe that the fantastic demands made by the Nazis are merely propaganda. They are not, says Herr Rauschning. They are genuine, and they are part of the Nazi tactic which is "that any truth will be disbelieved if it is big enough." In general, Herr Rauschning is a political Protestant appealing for moral values and freedom of conscience, and he passionately believes—even against the enormous weight of his own evidence—in a renascent Germany. His arguments will seem drastic to mild English ears, but if we are still under the delusion that we are going to come through this present phase without a profound revolution of some kind in European society, with or without war, he unsmilingly and unengagingly demonstrates our mistake.

I PICKED up Miss Alyse Simpson's *The Convent* (Dent; 8*s.* 6*d.*) thinking it would be a relief from politics. So it is in a sense; yet in a metaphorical way it is a curious commentary on our situation. Her book is an account of how, at the age of twenty in a time of emotional crisis, she decided to become a nun, went into a convent, was horrified at the bickerings, the pettiness and mediocrity of the life there, and left disillusioned and, also (for she is tolerant and honest), ashamed she had no vocation. Catholics will rightly point out her admission that, as an emotionally disappointed young woman who had once been stage-struck and wanted to cut a figure, she had misconceived the meaning of renunciation and martyrdom; but it is impossible to deny the intimate vividness of the picture of convent life and the restraint of her criticisms. Really Miss Simpson was an example of the panic revolt against individualism one sees everywhere to-day. The desire for sacrifice, to do something big, to cut a figure, and to immolate oneself—the prison movements of modern Europe with their Absolute Truths and Infallible Doctrines have all appealed to these motives in the young. The end is like the tired cynicism of the old lag. The narrative of her night in the inn outside the convent—I gather it was in Switzerland—where the incoming novitiates spend their last night "in the world," is extraordinarily moving and clear.

MISS MARGARET IRWIN is still building up her portrait of Montrose, and *The Bride* (Chatto and Windus; 8*s.* 6*d.*) tells the story of his love affair with Louise, the artist and sister of Prince Rupert. Between them stood his marriage, though his wife was dead, and the gossip Louise's life had caused. Montrose misunderstood this. He "wronged her"—in the titillating way which is the life and soul of romantic suspense. His "iron grip," I am sorry to say, left a bruise on her shoulder before this misunderstanding was cleared up. But it would be wrong to put this against the skill, the spirit, and pleasantly carried scholarship of Miss Irwin's very mobile history. The book opens with the English refugees at The Hague hearing the news of Charles I.'s execution and, spreading among a host of characters, passes through Montrose's difficulties with young Charles II., to his betrayal by the McLeods and his death by the orders of Argyll. Miss Irwin writes with that sting of nostalgia which the lost cause and incompetence of the Stuarts has always so pleasantly aroused.

Mrs. Godfrey Tearle—Barbara Palmer—Mary Tearle

Mrs. Godfrey Tearle has by no means only one claim to fame—that of being the wife of a well-known actor. As Barbara Palmer she is an actress in her own right. (And her surname was famous before she was born, for her father is the chairman of Huntley and Palmers.) Barbara Palmer went to the R.A.D.A., made her first professional appearance in 1934 with the tour of *Living Dangerously*, played at the Mercury, and at the Open Air Theatre, first appeared with Tearle in the tours of *Dr. Clitterhouse*. Now she is with him again as Karen in *The Flashing Stream*, which starts a 1939 tour at Streatham this week. Mrs. Barbara Palmer Tearle has yet another personality—that of Mary Tearle, writer. A novel and book of poems are shortly to appear from her under this name, and—perhaps under Morganatic influence from *The Flashing Stream*—she says her "best of all" ideal is pen and paper in a hut in a forest. For an example of Mrs. Mary Barbara Palmer Tearle's style as writer, turn to page 92

Gardener's Chronicle

July Flowers

By R. C. Jenkinson

Lilium Parryi: *this choice Californian has clear yellow flowers; it likes a cool, deep soil, with the lower part of the stem shaded*

Japanese Iris

In any garden where they can be grown, the forms of Japanese irises, I. Kaempferi, are the glory of the earlier half of this month. They will not tolerate lime—what they like is a deep sandy peat or loam, with any amount of moisture during the growing season. If it can be arranged that they lie drier during the winter, so much the better, but I do not believe that this is necessary.

When they are happily established, they grow as much as three and a half feet tall. They give eight-inch flowers, rising boldly over the slender pale green foliage. Some are single, others double. The range of colours goes from white to the richest velvety purple, some with a small yellow throat, and some striped or marbled.

If anyone who lives on lime wishes to grow them, they will succeed admirably in tubs so long as they are watered with rain water. I saw last week a small form of lily-pool with a tub of Kaempferis at each corner, and they looked as happy as could be.

July Lilies

The illustration this week shows an established group of the Lilium Parryi. This comes from California, and is generally considered a difficult lily. However, I know of more than one garden where it thrives, enjoying the same conditions of soil and moisture as the Japanese irises.

The clump illustrated consisted of six bulbs, and had been established for three years when the photograph was taken. The tallest spike was just over seven feet high, and carried fifteen flowers of the purest Chinese yellow. This year seedlings from the clump are flowering for the first time—three years from sowing. This is by far the best way to propagate it, but note that the sooner the lilies are picked out of the boxes or beds in which they are sown into the open ground, the better.

China gives us two beautiful cousins, Lilium Willmmottiæ and Davidi, which, from a practical point of view, differ only in the fact that the former is rather slenderer and the flowers are more pendant. They both have warm orange flowers of a Turk cap's shape—that is to say, with the petals reflexed like the pink-and-white speciosum used so much as cut flowers. In one form the flowers are unspotted, and in another they are covered by small dark purple spots. They can both grow up to five or six feet, with twenty or thirty flowers most gracefully displayed on each stem. Plant them in any good, well-drained loam, preferably amongst dwarf shrubs, or some other ground cover, and leave them alone.

Several hybrids from these two have been raised, but there is only one that I couldn't do without, and that is called Maxwill, which comes to us from Canada—if, indeed, it be a hybrid. Anyhow, from every point of view it is a first-class garden plant; more glorious even that Davidi and as easy to grow as any lily.

Two more North Americans flower this month, Canadense and Columbianum, and they are two of the most graceful of all lilies. The latter grows three or four feet, and has small, much reflexed flowers of the brightest pure orange, with a few dark spots. The former, when established, grows five or six feet, and varies a good deal in colour. I once grew—but, alas! have now lost—an incredibly beautiful form with unspotted pale apricot flowers, but normally it varies from apricot to a reddish orange, lightly or heavily freckled with chocolate. The flowers are about three inches across, with pointed petals. The ideal situation for these two would be a half-shady spot with perfectly drained soil free from lime, amongst ferns or other dwarfish undergrowth where they will never suffer from drought.

The Royal Show

Those who failed to go to Windsor last week to the Royal Show missed the greatest of its kind that there has ever been. The Flower Show was about the best I have ever had the privilege of attending from the point of view both of comfort and the quality of the exhibits, and for the benefit of absentees let us take a cursory glance at a few things that especially caught my notice. As one would expect, delphiniums were glorious. I do not like bicolours; a delphinium for me has got to be blue, and the best blue that I saw was pure, undiluted Cambridge—one called "Wrexham Glory"—a beautiful spike of the most lovely colour. I am going to plant a clump of this for next year with the dark violet-blue "Lady Amy"—a large flower of fine texture, like velvet.

Border carnations were very good. I have twice tried to grow these well and failed, but now must make a third attempt. I am assured that, in a well-drained loamy soil with plenty of brick rubble mixed and a dressing of bone meal in the spring, they present no difficulties. Freckling and striping and marbling of some of them beggars description, whether it be pink or white, dark red on yellow, or a combination of lavender pink on smoky crimson in the variety called "Ebor," apart from the ordinary range of plain colours.

Amongst the roses, a new orange of lovely shape and with a delicious scent, called "Orange Nassau," was first class. "Dickson's Perfection," a large cool shrimp-pink, beautifully scented, with good glossy green foliage and sturdy habit, was another lovely variety, and amongst the semi-double or almost singles there was "Donald Prior," a dwarf grower of rich blood-red several shades darker than "Karen Poulsen." I am proposing to plant a bed of this in front of "Dickson's Perfection," and a large sulphur-yellow called "Sweetness," again well scented.

Wallace's exhibit most properly won the King's Gold Cup—a magnificent exhibit which included many fine lilies and Iris Juncea. This is a species from Algeria of the Spanish iris type, but blooms, of course, two months later, and has flowers of the richest golden yellow. Coming from the southern shores of the Mediterranean, it wants a warm dry place, probably at the foot of a wall.

The Countess of Jersey

The Marquess of Huntly, Sir George Cockerill

A Highlander in the full glory of Gordon tartan, lace jabot and cuffs, with a hunting-horn slung over his shoulder was Lord Huntly, premier Marquess of Scotland, head of the great Gordon clan. With him on the left is Brig.-Gen. Sir George Cockerill

Men's ball dress of George VI.'s reign was worn by American film-star "Bob" Montgomery, who looked imposing as he stood below the Osterley portico with Lady Ravensdale. Her 1939 spangled picture dress and flowered headdress was decoratively representative of modern Georgian fashion

Wearing a stately brocade dress and moving gracefully through the Adam splendours of Osterley was its American ex-film-star châtelaine, as beautiful and charming and as perfectly "in period" as any woman at the ball

The Georgian Ball

(Continued from page 84)

Every Georgian period except that of 1910-1936 had its fashion styles shown by mannequins aristocratic, rich, beautiful, or all three. Some of the dresses were exquisitely lovely, many of them designed for the evening by Oliver Messel, who has a real genius for such matters

Lady Iris Mountbatten

Lady Ravensdale, Robert Montgomery

Mrs. Christopher Sykes, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Rodd

Miss Mary Mann and Miss Du Barry

The Hat Question: Straw or Felt

But Lieut.-Col. W. B. Du Pre, in panama, was not really interested in discussing hats with Mr. C. F. Colman, in trilby. Their conversation at the Open Croquet Championships at Roehampton was the much more important one of square "T" type mallet (2 lb. 13 oz.) as opposed to round head (3 lb. 3 oz.)

The Hat Question: Transparent

The Hat Question: Wide or Narrow Brim

The party of journalists and newspaper proprietors who made one of the first literally flying visits to this country from America included at least two hat eccentrics: Mr. Ed. Swasey, of California, and Mr. Amon Carter, of Texas. These gentlemen were photographed at Imperial Airways' Victoria Station before departure for Southampton and the "Clipper"; Mr. Swasey in white panama, green shirt, and red tie; Mr. Carter in his ten-gallon sombrero

Left: Lord Glanely wore a lightweight semi-transparent panama at the Newmarket Bloodstock Sales, kept a cool head, and made the sale's highest bid —1650 sovs. for Cradle Song Filly, daughter of Windsor Lad

What to do With Water (1)

Flying Officer J. W. W. Hurndall, playing polo for the R.A.F. against the Royal Navy at Ranelagh, poured it down his back

What to do With Water (2)

Air Vice-Marshal the Duke of Gloucester, another of the R.A.F. team beaten at Ranelagh by the Navy, gargled with it

Lying Down: A Protagonist

Jack Doyle, pink and handsome, provided Harvey-McAvoy match, by going down flat in last week. Doyle, Irish, had met Phillips, the ring and being counted out. This time two stone the lighter, connected with Doyle's

Personality News Reel

The Diet Question: Sugar Cake

Mrs. Barney Barnato, widow of the millionaire diamond merchant, was eighty early this month, and gave a party at Claridge's Hotel to celebrate the fact. This cumbersome cake represented by its shape what it could not do by its candle-bearing area, and Mrs. Barnato, whose first Kimberley home was a tent, stood proudly beside it

The Diet Question: Potatoes

Potatoes, a vegetable sadly shunned by many women nowadays, are being given a boost by Prunella Douglas-Hamilton's League of Health and Beauty. This organisation, at the request of the Potato Marketing Board, has sponsored a "potato eight" (five of them herewith), who are touring seaside towns to urge people to eat more of the energy-giving tuber (its percentage composition is 75 water, 22 starch and sugar, 2·1 nitrogenous, traces of salts and fats)

of the Noble Art of Self-Defence

the laugh of the evening, and a contrast to the hard-fought the first round against Eddie Phillips at the White City of Bow, last September, and had lost after falling from there was no doubt about the result, and Phillips, jaw after two minutes of rather pointless sparring

Lying Down: a Protagonist of the Art of Individual Attack

The Imperial Meeting of the National Rifle Association, otherwise known as Bisley, where it takes place, opened last week with a good entry from all parts of the Empire. Owing to expansion of the Army, the usual military help from that quarter was not forthcoming this year, but the Navy and Air Force lent aid instead. The strapped sniper above is Major McGowan, in position for firing with telescopic sights

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

On the last day of the Open championship the rain had stopped by 8.30 a.m., leaving the course wet and slow, which meant that it was possible to pitch on to all the greens and that the putting was easy. About 10 a.m. a wind sprang up from the south-west and there was a wind for the rest of the day. There were a few pools of casual water in hollows on the fairways.

As everyone now knows, Richard Burton who a few years ago was professional to the Hooton Golf Club, and is now at the Sale Golf Club, won with scores of 70, 72, 77 and 71. When the last day's play started Burton led the field with a score of 142. M. Posse was next at 143, then came Fallon at 144, at 145 were Perry, Shankland, Locke, J. H. Busson, Easterbrook, and Rees, and at 146 Max Faulkner, Cotton, Reg Whitcombe, and Sam King. All those at 147 and over appeared to have little chance.

How wise or clever or lucky Burton was to do 77 in his third round. Against public opinion it was undoubtedly this round which won him the championship. At lunch time unintelligent people were saying: "That 77 by Burton has finished him. He is out of the hunt now," and it did look that they were right when, after lunch, he took three putts on the first green and another five at the Long Hole Out.

If Burton had taken 71 for his third round I do not think that he would have won. All the world loves a winner, and Scotsmen perhaps do so even a little more than other people. If Burton had taken 71 in the morning, he would have led the field with a score of 213, and would have been humped, bumped and pushed about by nearly every spectator on the course in the afternoon, until his chance of winning had gone, when the entire gallery would have departed to follow the man, who then looked like the probable winner. On account of his 77 in the morning, Burton was allowed, after lunch, to proceed on his way in comfort, and was permitted to continue playing in comfort until after he had played his tee shot to the twelfth hole, by which time he was properly warmed up and playing calmly and with great confidence.

When he stood two over fours on the sixth tee, it was known that Bulla, with a last round of 73, was leading the field with a total of 292, and appeared a certain winner unless Burton or Rees, who started last of all, could beat him. It also appeared that unless something unforeseen happened, Burton would be out in 37, and the 36 home, which he would require to tie in the last round, with no help from the wind, was to say the least, unlikely.

Something unforeseen did happen. At the seventh hole he played a lovely pitch and holed his putt for a 3, at the short eighth he had another 3, which was very nearly a 2, and at the ninth he pulled his tee shot into heather, but heather has no terrors for the modern golf professional, armed with a blaster. He put his second 5 yards from the flag and holed his putt for another 3. So almost certain 37 had suddenly become actual 35, and 38 home is a very different proposition to 36. An enormous slice from the tenth tee brought many hearts to their owners' mouths, but again his blaster took no notice of heather, and he had a putt for a 3, but no doubt was glad to get his 4 after his wild tee shot. A 2 at the eleventh by means of a perfect tee shot and a putt of about 2 yards meant that bar a major disaster he must at least tie. The two holes at which he was most likely to have a major disaster, namely, the fourteenth and seventeenth, he played most sensibly and safely. At the fourteenth, after a good tee shot, he played his second away to the left, as St. Andrews caddies always tell you to, and did not attempt to go for the green, which was within his reach. At the seventeenth he again very wisely did not go for the green in 2, but placed his second in the perfect position under the bank on the right of the green. No champion has ever used his head to better advantage than Burton did at these two holes. Strange to say, it was the fifteenth hole, at which there are few disasters, and the sixteenth hole, which has never been nearly so fatal as the fourteenth and seventeenth, which gave his gallery, consisting of nearly everyone on the course from the fourteenth hole onwards, uncomfortable moments. He pulled his second to the fifteenth on to the third green, but managed to get down in 2 from about 50 yards. At the sixteenth an enormous hook nearly found the whins to the right of the third hole, he was short in two, fluffed his third, and then played a weak fourth. However, by means of a good putt, he managed to get his 5 and was left with a 5 and a 4 for victory.

Bulla and Burton: *Mr. Morrison's article this week describes Dick Burton's great win at St. Andrews, when he beat American Johnny Bulla by two strokes and thus kept our Open championship in the country*

Anything can happen at the seventeenth hole at St. Andrews, but if you play it as Burton played it, all that happens is that you have a putt for a 4 and a certain 5. With a 4 to win at the last hole you are nowadays not absolutely certain of victory as there is now "out of bounds" on both the right and the left. Burton, who is very long, having restrained himself at the seventeenth, let fly from the eighteenth tee and hit a tee shot of about 340 yards on a fairway on which there was little run, due not only to the continual rain but also to lush grass, and was about 15 yards short of the green. Many of the thousands of spectators now shouted at the top of their voices, "Take your putter," but Burton would have none of this, he took a lofty club and pitched up boldly 5 yards past the hole, a good shot under the circumstances, but certainly not a good shot in a half-crown game. He took his putter out of his bag and, without any tummy business or the slightest delay, hit his putt with a beautifully slow back swing as sweetly and cleanly as putt was ever struck, and it went where putts go when they are so hit.

Moor Park *was the scene of Lady Brecknock's fourth annual golf competition in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, and many socialite golfers supported this excellent occasion, such as Mr. John and Lady Catherine Ramsden, Mr. Teddy Phillips and Lord Willoughby de Eresby. The major prize of the day was won by Pam Barton*

Charity and Sport *were also the aims of this quartet of supporters of Lady Brecknock's competition: Mrs. Robert Laycock, Lord O'Neill, the Hon. Roland Cubitt, and the Hon. Esmé Glyn. More pictures of players in the Children's Country Holiday meeting are on page 114; other charity golf, page 107*

Charity Golf at the Wentworth Club

Socialites Met to Play in Aid of St. George's Hospital

Golf as an aid to charity is a new-ish, but very popular idea. Recently two important money-making tournaments have been held: Lady Brecknock's at Moor Park (pages 110, 114), and the St. George's Hospital open meeting at Wentworth, illustrated here. Pam Barton was a prize-winner at both, taking here the mixed scratch foursomes with D. Allom. Other successful Wentworth players were Wanda Morgan and Mrs. S. V. Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Clive, Mr. Dolman and Major Svasti

Lady Blount

Wore a spotted bandeau. She is Sir John Blount's wife

Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Ismay

The Peter Clives played together and won the handicap bowl with a return of seventy-eight minus eleven and a half equals sixty-six and a half. Mrs. Clive here waits with Mrs. G. Ismay

Lady Russell, Mrs. Thompson

Lady Russell wore a spotted jersey with her mackintosh trousers, is with Mrs. G. B. Thompson, who won the mixed handicap prize with Mr. R. Dolman (79—10=69)

Organisers

The open meeting in aid of St. George's Hospital at Wentworth was ably organised by Mrs. James A. Terry, a vice-chairman of the tournament, and by Mrs. Alan de Pass, the chairman of the 1939 committee. Awards were made for scratch and handicap returns in three sections—women's, mixed, and men's—and though the weather was by no means perfect throughout the meeting, the golf was good

Lord Curzon, Mrs. C. Fuller, Miss Rabbidge, Capt. Hudson

A foursome who posed for the camera at Wentworth were Lord Curzon, Lord Howe's heir, Mrs. Cavendish Fuller, Miss Rabbidge, and Captain A. U. M. Hudson, the Conservative M.P. for North Hackney

Mrs. Arnell, Mr. Arnell, Sir Thomas Frankland, Mrs. Collins

A foursome who did not pause for the camera at Wentworth were Mr. and Mrs. David Arnell, Mrs. Collins and Captain Sir Thomas Frankland. The last is in the 15th-19th Hussars, succeeded as eleventh baronet in 1937, is heir to his mother, Baroness Zouche

Big Events in the Air

By Charles Ward

Safer Flying

THE Report on the Progress of Civil Aviation, 1938, Stationery Office, 2s. 6d., reveals one fact of special interest to the layman—last year was notable for a great increase in the safety of air travel. More than 13½ million miles were flown on regular services, of which domestic air lines accounted for 3 million odd, carrying about 150,000 passengers and 1200 tons of mail and freight. The Clubs, particularly through the Civil Air Guard Scheme, have brought down the cost of learning to fly. Some restrictions have been introduced in regard to recruits for the C.A.G., however—men under twenty-one may not be enrolled, whilst men over forty and women of all ages may not exceed numerically 10 per cent. of each local unit. Civil flying has been overshadowed by the activities of the R.A.F., which is easily understood, but its progress towards first place in world air transport has not been overlooked by the Government. The new deal for Imperial and British Airways will be passed by the House of Commons, with suitable amendments. The Air Ministry has a plan for more and more air liners that will be safer, more economical and even more comfortable than those to which we have become accustomed. The Empire air mail scheme is being extended to Canada this summer. The extension of British air lines throughout Europe awaits the delivery of aircraft—we need forty at least to link London with every Continental capital.

There is a quaint blend of ancient and modern—electric razors and tin bowls—about the Oxford University Air Squadron camp at Lympne. Pilots on the left are returning from a dawn patrol

Airing Our Wings

SPEED in the air has increased to such an extent that the R.A.F. has become cramped for space in which to exercise. From Land's End to John o' Groats—round and round the British Isles—pilots get to know the landmarks as a motorist remembers corners and "Halt. Major Road Ahead." The new plan whereby squadrons can extend their training to the South and East of France is all to the good. Also, R.A.F. participation at the Brussels Exhibition and Display, together with formation flights over Paris on the Quatorze Juillet was an excellent idea for showing the air flag. In time, regular exercises will extend to West Africa, and Egypt, both of which are within range of modern bombers, though a landing for fuel and refreshment will be necessary before the return journey is undertaken. During manœuvres in August, the total of R.A.F. aircraft taking part will exceed 1000. Civil flying is to be stringently controlled, and in many cases, prohibited in the interests of safety.

Recent Events

THE luck of the weather was against Birmingham, when its municipal airport was opened by the Duchess of Kent, but a flying display took place in spite of a ceiling that ranged from 1000 down to 300 feet. Captain Brie put the C.40 "Autogiro" through its direct take-off programme and the Fleet Air Arm flew the "Skuas," though not as dive-bombers. "Spitfires" flew excellently in formation. In the civil list was "Eddystone," one of Imperial's liners, and a "Flamingo" belonging to Jersey Airways, with which it was intended to give a press pre-view of the Channel Islands last Friday. Heston will be 50 to 60 minutes distant from Guernsey and Jersey by means of the new schedule. Also on Friday last, Sir Kingsley Wood paid an official visit to the Rolls-Royce factory at Crewe, which has, incidentally, got into production in record time. The first sod was cut on July 6th, 1938, and the first complete engine built in the factory was on test in May last. Another event of the month which is a pleasure to record, is the gift by Lord Rothermere of £10,000 for the benefit of R.A.F. sports. His lordship was Secretary of State for Air in 1918, when the Air Ministry was formed, and has had, therefore, a long-standing interest in the welfare of the Service.

Western Airways, which is controlled by the Straight Corporation, is using the Percival "Q6" liners for its services to Manchester via Bristol and Birmingham. This photograph was taken at Elmdon, the municipal airport for Birmingham, which was opened by the Duchess of Kent ten days ago

Around the Clubs

THE increase in the number of civil pilots has been maintained during June—506 compared with 99 for the same period of 1938. Gliding has also been in the news. The height record for Britain has gone up to 14,200 feet; pilot P. A. Wills. His maximum rate of ascent in a thunder-cloud was 2000 feet a minute, a speed which is exceeded only by modern fighters with the aid of a 1000-horse-power engine. This is the month for rallies, with three in succession. Deauville is at home next week-end, overlapped by a meeting at Angers which extends another day to July 25th, to be followed by yet a third rally at Boulogne on July 29th and 30th. The same week-end is to be celebrated at Frankfurt by International Air Races. The Royal Aero Club has particulars of these functions for those who intend to be present. The second Gosport Reunion Dinner will be held at Brooklands on Saturday next, July 22nd. Col. Smith-Barry will be in the chair, and it is hoped to fly an Avro "504.K." for the occasion.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V

BOOTH'S DRY GIN

Quality ACHIEVED BY *Maturity*

Definitely Superior!

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

The Flag, and How to Deal With It

Not a patriotic emblem, as a crossword clue would put it. The folk who are doing splendid work with all the various services are not apt to talk about it in terms of patriotism, probably advancing any reason but the real one for why they lose their beauty sleep, cause their legs and backs to ache as no three rounds a day have ever made them ache before, and do a hundred and one unaccustomed things. The more they do feel a glow of pride for Britain, the more they will hide it, and quite certainly the more they would prefer to think about golf, and if possible, play it.

Holidays are getting near, and probably not a few club committees are thinking of flag competitions as a variation of inevitable medal rounds. The bother about the alternative is that somebody has got to make a great many little flags, and the eighteenth hole, by the time the last couples get round, looks so much like a war map that it is quite on the cards a ball may become entwined in one of the little beggars, or, anyway, hit one.

Now there is a very simple expedient for avoiding all that. Having first met it at West Sussex, I am tempted to give the credit to that master of ingenuity and organisation Captain Peter Roscow, only he may have unearthed it somewhere else and so injustice be done to one of the brain-waves of the golfing world.

Not thirty, forty, fifty small flags, but one big one is the idea: say three feet by two. On it is sewn or glued one sheet of paper, headed: "Player. Where Planted." The first couple to start off takes the flag with them. (I once had a caddie who thought that the game of golf consisted in taking each flag with you in your bag as soon as you had holed out; but that is another story.) When both these players have exhausted all their shots, the one who has progressed the further plants the flag, writing on its paper her name, and where she put it. If neither of the couple behind gets so far with her allowance, nothing happens. But imagine the thrill if she sees ahead of her, perhaps a hundred and ninety yards down the eighteenth fairway, that flag floating in the breeze, a challenge to her, with one stroke in hand. Can she drive past it? Yes? No? The shot was pushed; it drifts sadly away into the heather, runs not an inch; examination discloses that it is quite definitely not nearer the eighteenth hole than that flag. So she cannot touch it. But the partner: she has three strokes in hand on the eighteenth tee; she sails past the flag, in triumph plucks it up and hands it to her grinning caddie; presses at the next, and bunkers it to the left of the green; fails to get out: the flag must adorn the bunker until somebody playing behind in turn gets past it, on to that eighteenth green, or even down the nineteenth fairway.

There is something of the fun of pursuit about this; an horizon to be seen and striven for. Distinctly a good innovation, and so simple. Playing for the flag becomes a literal fact, not an ideal.

How often is that our firm intention when the flag is merely the normal one in the hole? That is really the great difference between the merely good and the really first-class player; one plays for the green, which means that, if her eye is in, the ball may finish somewhere near the pin; the other looks at the flag with a quite definite intention of putting the shot near enough to it to have a very good chance of getting down in one putt. More than that; she will, if it is a long shot, aim for the top of the flag itself, not its base, knowing this to be a good recipe for being up, not short. For the short pitches, or pitch and runs, she will fix in mind the exact spot where the ball must pitch, conjure up in her mind what it will do on arrival there, and, with that mental picture formed, can then concentrate wholly on hitting the ball.

A few years ago, watching an Irish Close Championship, I could not help the conclusion that why no Irish player had gone through the Open of late years was that they were content to play for the green, and did not aim meticulously for the pin, as those grand Irish golfers Mrs. Cuthell and the Hezlets were doing when I first ventured out into the golfing world; as Miss Leitch and Miss Wethered had done, as Miss Enid Wilson was doing, and as Miss Pam Barton, Miss Wanda Morgan, Mrs. Holm, Miss Jessie Anderson do to-day, with the result that any of them is liable at any moment to hole an approach.

Wakefield Trophy: Runner-Up, Winner

Mrs. Speake (Highcliffe Castle) won the second annual tournament for the Wakefield Trophy, with a return of 155; Mrs. Foster (left), a player from Peterborough, was second with 157. The tournament was in aid of the Duchess of York Maternity Clinic, Royal Free Hospital, and was held at the Berkshire Club, near Ascot

One of the things which struck me forcibly at Portrush this year was that now the Irish players do play for the pin, not only the green, and that this was the reason why Ireland so nearly beat Scotland, did beat England and Wales, and provided two of the medallists.

It takes very definite determination, this playing for the pin, and with it the resolve to be past it. Not all the good players are as stern with themselves as Mr. Walter Blackwell, of whom the story goes that he would ask his caddie, in that formidable Scots voice of his, whether the shot he had played was up. "Yes, sir," would say the caddie. "It's on the edge of the green." To which would come the reply, gruffer than before: "Then it's *not* up." Of such stuff are the great golfers made.

Girls' Championship Entry Form will appear next week.

Autumn Foursomes Entry Form will appear August 23rd.

More Players Golfing for Charity in Lady Brecknock's Competition at Moor Park

Lady Duff-Assheton-Smith met the camera in the company of Mr. J. A. Dewar, during the meeting in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund

Miss Kay Stammers was golfing cheerfully after the week-end which had seen her Wimbledon hopes dashed; her partner was Mr. Menzies

Lady Brecknock herself wore the anxious look of the organiser of the Moor Park competition for charity; she is with Colonel Gibbons here

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

WITH two such summer functions as Goodwood and Cowes within—as it were—hailing distance, it may seem hard to turn from sun and sharkskin and concentrate on tweed. But it 's less than a month until "the Twelfth." It 's time to be looking in at Jaeger House, Regent Street. They have, as usual, the situation well in hand. The autumn collection is ready, and whether you want something indistinguishable from the local moorland—which is a necessary feature of the shooting-suit proper—or whether you just want a cheerful affair to wear at the Highland Gathering, Jaeger will have it. For bringing a ray of sunshine to guns at lunch, what better than the grey and mimosa herringbone tweed shown left in the picture. This grand colour alliance gives an effect of pale green, very becoming. The suit is from the Green Room, too, price 4½ guineas. The other two-piece is less classical. Its wine skirt is topped by a jaunty box coat in large shadowy checks of wine and navy. This you 'll love for country luncheons on Sunday, and for week-end or holiday motoring. A skirt cut like this one will stand up to a lot of sitting down. Jaeger sponsor red enthusiastically, in all its variations, from an earthy copper-red to a deep wine, taking in on the way the soft, true reds, like rowan and lacquer. Even the browns this year have a red inflection; they are all cob colours—hazel-nut, chestnut, beech-nut. So, if in doubt, put your money on red; it 's definitely coming up

All Set for Sunshine

The other side of the picture: though some of us are ruminatively fingering swatches of tweed, just as many of the rest of us are heading shopping lists with "sun-tan oil, sun-glasses, shorts" and preparing for a Southern holiday. An excellent heading to a shopping list — or a holiday — is Jantzen. Whether you want a swim-suit, beachwear, or something for tennis or deck games you 'll want that name on the list, for it means sports and cruising clothes as exciting and attractive as the swim-suits you have always admired

Scott Bushe

A SUMMER holiday isn't lazy all the time, so the smaller picture shows shorts and a shirt which you'll want for the more strenuous moments. The shorts are linen, and you can have them in white, or in a delightful spring-sky blue. The shirt is made in a slick tailored cellular fabric, aptly known as crisp jersey. You can have this to match the blue shorts, as well as in white, and it 's the obliging kind of material that never crumples and will never look "tired." The self-satisfied but rather attractive inactivity in the top picture is mostly due to swim-suits in a new material—"Velvalure." This has a silky chenille-like surface, and the prints are hand-blocked. The beauty of them is that, while they are obviously perfect for giving you South Sea glamour on the sands at high noon, they 're also real swim-suits, and will look just as delightful and appropriate when you come up the beach after your before-breakfast half-mile. The deck-chair beauty has chosen a half-skirted model, printed with tropical palm-trees. It has wide shoulder-straps cut in one with the top; a sliding ring makes the neck and shoulderline adjustable. The second costume has a quarter skirt. This is let in from the two side-front seams, which are continued up to the underarm, giving a particularly good fit. Ask to see it in royal blue and white. Though so highly decorative, both suits are sturdy and hard-wearing. But they deserve to be well-treated, so you will be advised to study the directions given with each suit. After all, when you have something really lovely, it 's only logical to look after it. These Jantzen swim-suits and sports clothes are obtainable from good stores all over the country

Fine-grain "barleycorn" engine-turning on a curved cigarette-case from Swaine and Adeney. It is engraved over the engine-turning with an artistically non-chalant hunting-whip, and keeps twenty cigarettes in perfect condition for £8 15s.

Presenting any prizes for hunter trials this autumn? This chromium travel clock folds back flat into its horseshoe for packing. It has an eight-day movement, fifteen jewels, and costs £4 17s. 6d. from Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly

Curtains round your sun-glasses. Ships have these, with an intriguing scalloped border in red and blue. We're bound to admit that scalloped edges have little practical use, but you'll mark them high for decorative effect. 6/6

Introduce him to these new gloves from Swaine and Adeney. Those far left are in tan peccary hog, made in a new shape without side-seams. The two-coloured ones have buffed peccary backs, in tan colour, with natural palms

Duvelleroy's beach-bags are planned to take everything you need, and still leave room for the last-minute things you'll want to put in "in case." In shiny white American cloth, slim and sophisticated as the pochette, cheery and amusing like the satchel. (121, New Bond St.)

Red lobsters on a brilliant yellow background make Ships' (10, Lansdowne Row) beach suit. If this doesn't cheer up everything within a radius of several miles, nothing will. 5½ guineas in foulard, but made in less exotic materials from 59/6 upwards

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

The A.F.C. Grand Prix at Rheims is covered by Mr. Hess in this week's article. Here is Herman Muller in his Auto Union, winner of the race which was so fraught with trouble for some drivers. Muller's average was 105 m.p.h.

At the annual world congress of automobile engineers just concluded at San Francisco, a prediction has been made that roads capable of taking traffic in safety at 150 miles per hour across the American continent might become a practical proposition within five years. Of particular interest to the motor-vehicle manufacturers was a discussion on vehicle design, with particular relationship to the position of the engine, and as to the advantages which might accrue, both from the point of view of accommodation as well as comfort by placing the engine at the rear of the vehicle. It is suggested that this would give better distribution of weight, and remove from the vehicle a considerable amount of vibration and fumes.

It is also understood that a great deal of attention is being concentrated on automatic gear-changing, and in particular torque-converter transmission, the best known of which in production to-day is stated to be that of Daimler.

The Ramsgate Concours d'Elegance went off with great gusto—ably assisted by half a gale of wind. In addition to the actual private car exhibits, there was a number of exceedingly smart commercial vehicles, and I was sardonically amused to see among them a super-refuse-collector—entered by a nearby rival resort!

Goldie Gardner was there with his miraculous M.G.; the Wolseley "Voortrekker" also attracted a great deal of attention by reason of its dilapidated splendour; while another popular "side show" was my Lords Waleran and Selsdon with their Le Mans Lagonda.

My first reaction on hearing of "Bira's" accident during practice for Rheims was one of commiseration, but having now learned more of the circumstances of the crash, my reaction is one of congratulation upon his extraordinary escape. Attempting to better his lap speed of 101½ m.p.h., he got into a wobble, and swerved from side to side for some distance, before the car finally gained the upper hand and hit the bank. "Bira" was flung from the driving seat into the road at something over 80 m.p.h., while his car went on to roll over a number of times before coming to a stop, a smoking, battered wreck. He picked himself up, and another competitor gave him a lift round to the pits.

Subsequent examination at hospital revealed that he had suffered minor injuries only—a scratched face and a gash in his thigh. "Bira" hopes to be racing again soon, and all British sportsmen will echo that hope and wish him a speedy recovery.

So at Rheims, too, the new 1500-c.c. E.R.A. failed to come to the line. What now? Really it does seem as though it is hardly worth while for private enterprise to participate in competitions in which it is pitting itself against the State-backed forces of other nations. Whilst sympathising with Humphrey Cook—for his personal disappointment must have been immense (especially after the car had done so memorably well in practice)—one must also shed a tear for Arthur Dobson, whose luck is dead out this year.

It is extraordinary what unexpected things occur in motor-racing. Anyone would have laid odds on the Mercedes-Benz cars winning the French Grand Prix. Always regarded as the fastest and most reliable of all Grand Prix racing teams, it was expected that their three cars would lead from start to finish. Lang was regarded as the probable winner, having already won four major events off the reel this year, and having put in the fastest lap in practice.

Yet, on the day of the race, what do we find? On the very first lap Caracciola runs into a wall, so seriously damaging his petrol tank that he has to withdraw. Von Brauchitsch goes out at half-distance with a broken piston, and Lang has to retire a little later with supercharger trouble. Thus not one of the Mercedes team finished! Herman Muller won for Auto-Union (his first victory in a Grand Prix), with his teammate, Georg Meier, winner of last month's Senior T.T. motor-cycle race in the Isle of Man, second.

French Darracqs, driven by Le Begue and Etancelin were third and fourth, while Raymond Mays, on a similar car, had to retire after ten laps with a leaking petrol tank.

From time to time, the R.A.C. has brought to its notice cases where a member, whilst on tour, has been obliged to call at a garage for repairs or replacements to his car or motor-cycle. If the motorist is unknown to the garage, it is usual for the account to be settled in cash, and if the repairs or the replacements happen to be of a substantial nature, the motorist may not be in a position to pay in this way. The garage then has a lien on the car or motor-cycle, and is entitled to be paid in cash before parting with the vehicle. A position therefore arises which, on occasions, may cause misunderstanding and possible unpleasantness. It should be noted that membership of a motoring organisation does not necessarily mean that repairers appointed by that organisation are prepared to make any exception to this practice.

The position is obviously a difficult one, but the R.A.C. suggests that if members would raise the question of payment when the order for the repairs or goods is given, a good deal of the unpleasantness would be avoided, and in most cases a satisfactory method of settlement arranged.

I suspect that there is a miniature boom in car caravans and trailers these days. One constantly hears of the manufacturers of these houses on wheels running night shifts to cope with the influx of additional business through A.R.P. requirements.

Talking of car caravans, Messrs. Eccles Motor Caravans, Ltd., of Birmingham, announce a change of title to Eccles (Birmingham), Ltd. The Company is busily engaged on mass-production of caravans, as a result of their scheme for "Rationalised Caravans"; but in view of their increasing activities in light steel fabrications, school furniture, and contracts for H.M. Government, the directors decided upon the deletion of "Caravans" from their title, as this gave a general impression that their activities were confined to caravans only.

***A Ford convertible:** this V-8 "Thirty" belongs to a growingly popular style of car—the convertible coupé. It is listed as a two—three-seater, but carries five with comfort*

One of the photographs in our New York Fair Series was described as the Victoria Falls model. It was actually a picture of part of a striking display by the General Electric Co. We apologise to those concerned.

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DUNLOP Fort

THE TYRES WITH TEETH

Clarence Tapwood's Intimations of Immortality

(*Continued from page 92*)

things we 've done together," I said to myself. " Just think." So I thought. Park Lane, and coloured linen sheets, three-way mirrors, and cupboards that turned on their own lights when you opened the doors. Head waiters saying " Good evening, Mr. Tapwood, sir—your table, as usual, sir ? " Aeroplanes to Le Touquet, and exquisite expensive steel-shafted golf-clubs. Fresh new strawberries in April, and old, old brandy all the year round. Kath with fox furs round her white neck, saying in a cloud of Toujours à Toi, " Honey, come *on* ! " with that mouth of hers sweet enough to make a man cry. And all my own money. Clarence Tapwood, self-made man. Rich man, and belongs to three clubs. Isn't it heaven, heaven, heaven to be rich ! But I wished Kath hadn't said it, and I wished I hadn't looked at myself in the mirror and started on that " Come away, Death " nonsense. I wished I could forget that kid, Clarence Tapwood, sitting in the backyard at home, saying poetry to himself. Poor as hell. All the family were ; it wasn't only me. We were always saying to ourselves : " When we come into millions," and laughing fit to burst. We took a holiday nearly every year, though, for a fortnight. Went to the New Forest to a particular farmhouse. That was gorgeous. From when I was eight till I was fifteen we did that. Then when my parents were killed in the rail smash we were poorer than hell. So I made it all, every penny, myself. That clever lad, Clarence Tapwood, he 's got his head screwed on—give him the job. Every time. Before I got going I had time to think what I 'd do with my money when I 'd earned it. I wanted a horse for one thing. A yellowish, shining horse with white socks like one I 'd seen in an old sporting magazine. And a large library with books all over it except at one end, where I wanted a church organ. I expect I wanted a vaulted ceiling lined with gold-leaf. But perhaps I was less ostentatious than I remember. I know I wanted a forest to walk about in, and an enormous cabinet for birds' eggs, with proper labels and tiny drawers. I also wanted a Red Indian costume. And a set of Shakespeare bound in green leather. But all this was before I 'd begun to be a success. Once I was working my way up to the top I hadn't much time to think of horses with white socks and all the rest. That was only kid's talk. And, of course, I grew out of it. Now I only think of it occasionally, when I have indigestion. Or like this afternoon when I get fool notions about myself, looking at the wrong side of my face in a mirror. It 's funny what that can do to you. And why should I mind Kath saying it 's heaven to be rich ? So it is. Though I don't suppose I 'd know what to do with green leather editions of Shakespeare now. I could buy one to-morrow. I could walk right out to-morrow and buy a green leather Shakespeare, with gold lettering, too. But I 'd open it at " Come away, Death," I expect, and I know that one. And I could buy a forest if I still liked walking. Which I don't. And I could buy an organ and a vaulted hall to put the thing in. But Kath and I have got sort of fond of the big Wurlitzer at the Regal Cinema. Funny that when I was a kid I knew quite a few of Bach's fugues ; I used to pick them out on an old piano my grandmother had. I used to have a silly dream once of playing the piano after dinner at night in a room with a big log fire and children, and a wife with blue-black hair. A dark, dark lady with a soft voice. Well, Kath's voice is soft really, though, of course, she is fair. I think, all things considered, I prefer fair hair. Though I still have a schoolboy romantic feeling that I 'd like to write some love verses to a woman. It would have been easier to a dark woman. I did write some once to Kath, but I felt a frightful ass, and we both laughed ; at least, she started to, so I joined in. It really was bad verse, so she was quite right. And anyway, one doesn't write poetry at fifty. One is more gentlemanly and worldly. And somehow, when you think about it all, it is very satisfactory to have a mistress, and to be able to order Sole Veronique in a restaurant without the waiters giggling among themselves.

" *And* so," I said to myself this afternoon, in front of Kath's mirror, " *so*, here we are again." I felt distinctly better then, having, so to speak, had it all out with myself. The " Come away, come away, Death " feeling had almost disappeared. And when Kath came in, so sweet and loving, after the bridge party, I 'd almost forgotten about not wanting her to say that about our being rich. Of course, it 's heaven to be rich. Kath 's quite right. We *are* the tops, both of us.

THE END.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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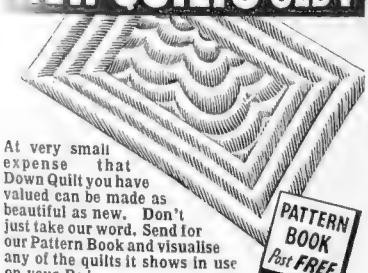

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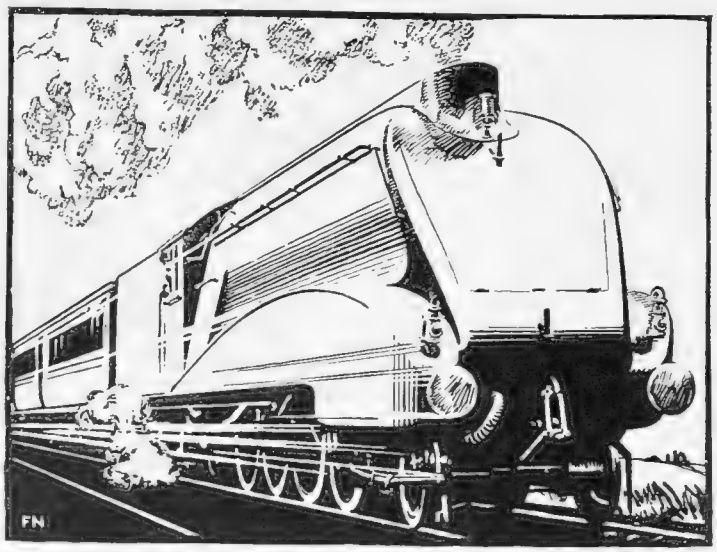

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FROM KING'S CROSS (L·N·E·R)

WEEKDAYS

7.25 a.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth Dundee and Inverness. (On Saturdays 5 minutes later).
9.20 a.m. Edinburgh and Glasgow. (Saturdays only, 8th July to 2nd September.)
10.0 a.m. **"The Flying Scotsman." Edinburgh (non-stop) arr. 5.0, Dundee arr. 6.37, Aberdeen arr. 8.15 p.m.**
10.5 a.m. Edinburgh (except Saturdays, July 15th to August 26th), Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.
10.10 a.m. Edinburgh and Glasgow (Saturdays only, July 15th to August 26th.)
11.20 a.m. "The Queen of Scots" Pullman. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen.
11.50 a.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, (Saturdays only and not after September 9th)
1.5 p.m. Edinburgh and Glasgow (Saturdays only).
1.20 p.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth (Inverness—Saturdays excepted).
2.30 p.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow (Saturdays only and not after September 9th).
4.0 p.m. **"The Coronation." Edinburgh (arr. 10.0 p.m.).** Glasgow arr. 11.43 p.m., change at Edinburgh. (Saturdays excepted.) Will not run on Friday, August 4th, nor Monday, August 7th.

SUNDAYS

11.0 a.m. "Sunday Scotsman" Edinburgh (non-stop), Glasgow and Dundee. (Not after September 10th.)
11.10 a.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen.
1.0 p.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Inverness.

FROM EUSTON (L M S)

WEEKDAYS

10.0 a.m. **"The Royal Scot"—Edinburgh and Glasgow.** See note **C.**
10.5 a.m. Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen. See note **D.**
1.15 p.m. "The Midday Scot"—Sats. only. Glasgow. See note **A.**
1.30 p.m. **"The Coronation Scot"—Glasgow.** See note **E.**
1.30 p.m. Glasgow, Runs Friday July 28th and August 4th only.
1.30 p.m. "The Midday Scot"—Sats. only. Edinburgh. See note **B.**
1.35 p.m. Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness (except Sats.).
2.0 p.m. "The Midday Scot"—Saturdays excepted. Edinburgh.
2.0. p.m. Glasgow. See note **F.**

SUNDAYS

11.10 a.m. Glasgow. Runs on July 30th only.
11.20 a.m. Glasgow, Stirling, via Glasgow.
11.35 a.m. Glasgow and Edinburgh (Princes Street), also to Perth, Aberdeen and Inverness, via Glasgow.

Notes : A—Will not run after September 2nd. **B**—Also to Glasgow, commencing September 9th. **C**—Edinburgh portion leaves at 10.5 a.m. on Saturdays July 22nd to September 2nd inclusive. **D**—On Saturdays from July 22nd to September 2nd inclusive, leaves at 10.10 a.m. **E**—Saturdays excepted. Will not run on July 28th nor August 4th and 7th. **F**—Applies Monday, August 7th only.

FROM ST. PANCRAS (L M S)

WEEKDAYS

9.5 a.m. "The Thames-Forth Express"—Edinburgh, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.
10.0 a.m. "The Thames-Clyde Express"—Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Glasgow (St. Enoch), Ayr, Turnberry.
12.0 noon. Edinburgh, Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Glasgow (St. Enoch), Gleneagles, Perth, Aberdeen (and Inverness and Oban—no arrival on Sundays).

SUNDAYS

10.30 a.m. Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Edinburgh and Glasgow, Perth, Inverness and Aberdeen via Glasgow.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

July 19—July 25

First Night and Matinée days are correct at going to press, but readers are advised to check them with the dailies

THEATRES

Straight Plays

AFTER THE DANCE.—An over-written study of the clash of period temperaments gives Catherine Lacey, Martin Walker, Anne Firth chances they mostly take: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ALIEN CORN.—Margaretta Scott gives a strong performance as a thwarted pianist-refugee in Sidney Howard's well-acted play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protegé: Duchess, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, Hugh Williams does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook; cheap seats: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GENTLE PEOPLE.—Abraham Sofaer and Ernest Jay are the people who get ungentle with gangster Clement McCallin in quite a good, funny play: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—A fresh and witty light comedy about Americans in Scotland, with Richard Goolden, Constance Lorne, Billie Ryan: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.—Another scientific thriller from the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*; Leslie Banks leads a strong cast: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Robert Atkins' lovely production has Leslie French as Puck, Romney Brent as Bottom, Robert Eddison as Oberon: Open-Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

OF MICE AND MEN.—Claire Luce, Niall MacGinnis and John Mills in John Steinbeck's strong, grim American tale: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Adrian Brunel's life-in-war-time play has Irene Vanbrugh, Dorothy Hyson, Colin Keith-Johnston: Playhouse, 8.30. (except Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RHONDDA ROUNDABOUT.—A kaleidoscopic, honest, moving picture of life and characters in a Welsh mining valley: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—This delicious Irish comedy revived, with Zena Dare, Margaret Rutherford, Arthur Sinclair in their original parts; short season; cheap seats: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes is Ivor Novello's current musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Bruce Carfax and Doris Francis are successors to Welchman and Edith Day in this revival; cheap seats: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 123.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Palladium (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.30 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

Angus McBean

"After the Dance"

These three non-stop Bright Young Things in Terence Rattigan's new piece at the St. James's are played by Robert Harris, Martin Walker and Catherine Lacey. The tray of drinks is frequently used throughout the play, and Walker gives one of his excellent performances as a hard-drinking flâneur

First Night

THE DEVIL TO PAY.—Dorothy Sayers' new-style version of *Faust*, from Canterbury, opens at His Majesty's on Thurs., 20th.

CINEMAS

BEETHOVEN (French).—Harry Baur plays the composer the Conservatoire orchestra plays the music: Curzon.

CAPTAIN FURY (American).—Tough stuff about sheep-raising and convict labour in Australia in the 'forties, with Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen: London Pavilion.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY (American).—Edward G. Robinson in a new role as investigator of audaciously authentic German espionage: Warner

LA FEMME DU BOULANGER (French).—A coarse, jolly, satirical tale of Provençal village life; trade, feuds, cocuage and Raimu: Berkeley.

THE FOUR FEATHERS (British).—John Clements, Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith and June Duprez are in the A. E. W. Mason story filmed: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES (American).—Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce as Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson: Gaumont.

MAN ABOUT TOWN (American).—Dorothy Lamour leaves the jungle for the boulevards, to meet Jack Benny and Edward Arnold in a comedy: Carlton.

MAN OF CONQUEST (American).—Richard Dix as General Sam Houston in this vast spectacle of pioneering days, Gail Patrick as the woman who inspired him: Regal. (Last days).

THE MODERN MIRACLE (American).—Bell and his telephone come in for it this time, Don Ameche being the inventor, Loretta Young his sweetheart: New Gallery.

LES OTAGES (French).—A Montague and Capulet theme in a French war-scarred village; good acting by Charpin, Annie Vermay, local people: Paris.

PETER THE GREAT (Russian).—A fine historical film from Alexei Tolstoy's book; Simonov plays the name-part: Academy.

Q PLANES (British).—A thriller about spies and aeroplane-stealers; cast headed by Laurence Olivier Ralph Richardson, Valerie Hobson: Odeon.

SERENADE (American).—A new Jeannette Macdonald musical, with Lew Ayres and Ian Hunter as her masculine background: Empire.

THE SUN NEVER SETS (American).—Gold Coast empire-builders in difficulties, political and emotional—Basil Rathbone, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Virginia Field: Leicester Square.

UNDERCOVER DOCTOR (American).—Medical drama centred on Lloyd Nolan: Plaza.

WOMEN IN THE WIND (American).—Kay Francis and William Gargan star in this: Regal (from Friday).

BALLET

RUSSIAN BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN:

LES SYLPHIDES, COQ D'OR, DANSES POLOVSTIENNES.—To-day, 19th, 2.30.

GOOD-HUMOURED LADIES, FILS PRODIGUE, PETROUCHKA.—To-night, 19th, 8.45.

LAC DES CYGNES, PAGANINI, SPECTRE DE LA ROSE, DANSES POLOVSTIENNES.—Thurs., 20th, 8.45.

JEUX D'ENFANTS, PRÉSAGES, PETROUCHKA.—Fri., 21st, 8.45.

CARNAVAL, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, AURORA.—Sat., 22nd, 2.30.

SYLPHIDES, PAGANINI, COQ D'OR.—Sat., 22nd, 8.45.

For Monday's and Tuesday's programmes see dailies.

SPORT

ENGLAND V. WEST INDIES, Cricket (Second Test).—Manchester, Sat., 22nd-Tues., 25th.

WOMEN'S A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS.—White City, Sat., 22nd.

GOODWOOD RACES.—Stewards' Cup, Tues., 25th.

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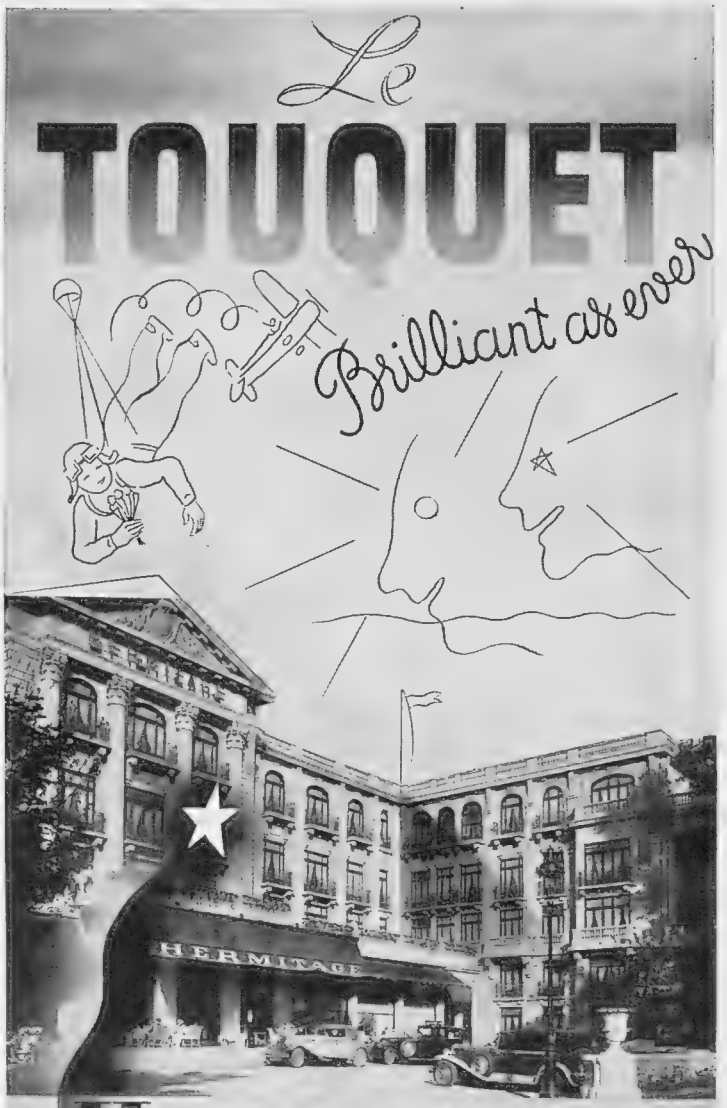

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GOING AWAY

The "Bystander's" July Travel Guide

By Hugh C. Wallace

● GOING AWAY . . . COMPILED BY ONE OF THE MOST INVETERATE AND EXPERIENCED OF TRAVELLERS, THIS SECTION OF THE "BYSTANDER" APPEARS EACH MONTH. IT DISCUSSES THE IDEAL CRUISES AND RESORTS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR IN GOOD TIME FOR RESERVATIONS TO BE MADE

***Innsbruck**, capital of the Tyrol, has a wonderful setting among mountains that tower up apparently from the end of the street*

"Das Land im Gebirge" *(The Land in the Mountains)*

THE Tyrol has always exercised a marvellous fascination over the minds of Englishmen keen on climbing, scrambling and walking among the mountains. It is a land of infinite variety, with snow-capped peaks and idyllic valleys, with turbulent streams and placid lakelets, with pine forests and picturesque vineyards, with lush meadows and luxurious orchards. All these, and the kindly courtesy of the people, combine to make an unforgettable impression.

In this brief article it is only possible to touch upon a few of the principal places, and it will be as well to start with the most outstanding—Innsbruck. The setting of the Tyrolian capital is superb, and it must be voted the finest and fairest of Europe's Alpine towns. Is there any other town in which, walking down the main street, one is confronted by snow mountains so near that they apparently block the way?

There is here a wonderful mingling of the old and the new, and consequently plenty of sights to keep the visitor occupied on any dull days that may overtake him. To instance two: there is the Hofkirche, with its sumptuous Maximilian monument, surrounded by twenty-eight bronze statues, including an exquisitely carved one of King Arthur of England, and with the tomb of Andreas Hofer, the champion of Tyrolese freedom, near by. Then there is the Golden Roof, which is really a balcony covered over with 3450 gilded copper tiles.

On a fine day, the cable railway should be taken to the Hafelkar, where, from a height of 7659 ft., there is unrolled in front of the spectator an incomparable panorama of the Inn valley. At Igles, on an elevated plateau, a thousand feet above the town and at a distance of twenty minutes by car, there is a golf course with a view that, until seen, can hardly be imagined.

From the busy Boznerplatz it is possible to take the public motor and explore, quite easily, the Stubaital, the Sellraintal, the Wipptal, the Kasbachtal, and the Ötztal, to mention only the best known.

THE Stubaital is at Innsbruck's front door, and its villages—like Neustift and Mieders—are really not places to be rushed through in a hurry, but to be stayed in for weeks. Neustift has become to Alpinists a place of pilgrimage, as it was once the home of the famous climbing priest, Franz Zenn, whose memory is kept alive by a hut named after him, at a height of 7123 ft., and reached in some four hours from the village. Mieders, with its resinous pine woods, its charming walks and its pretty views, was chosen by Dodie Smith for the setting of her *Autumn Crocus*.

The Wipptal has three much frequented resorts, ascending in height, if not in popularity: Matrei (3258 ft.), Steinach (3438 ft.), and Gries (4118 ft.). They are all on the main Brenner line, and in some ways bear a distinct resemblance to each other. All have the same quaint houses, some with the windows gaily decked with flowers, some with curiously carved panelling. Many of the inns have skilfully hammered metal signs. All these villages are starting-places for fine walks to Club Huts, from which the more adventurous sally forth on climbing expeditions. Each village has some valley opening up from it, as, for instance, from Steinach, grandly situated between the Ziller and Stubai groups, there is the Gschnitztal, leading into a bit of country with some good and exciting rock climbing.

IF quiet is sought, there is Kühtai, near and yet far. A run of forty to fifty minutes by motor along the Sellraintal to Gries, and then a walk of three hours, and the end of the world is reached. Here, six thousand feet above sea-level, are gay gardens of Alpine roses, beautiful and restful pastures, walks in abundance, and more than a score of climbs, all waiting to speak their word of challenge to the tired townsman when he has been soothed and rested

(*Concluded on page* D)

***The Rinnensee**, a wild mountain lake above Neustift in the Stubaital, between the Franz Zenn hut and the Lisenser Fernerkogel, reflects austerely the rocks and snow of the Sommerwand, Kraulspitz, and Seespitz*

***Matrei** is one of the charming villages of the Wipptal, south of Innsbruck, close to the Italian border*

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Above all, a German holiday is good, simple fun. It is jolly to sit at a lakeside restaurant, listen to the band and watch tow-headed babies splashing in the blue water. It is amusing to sample Rhine wine in the vineyard where it grew. It is fun to paddle down the Isar in the deepening twilight and hear the Wandervögel singing. To learn the Tyrolean part songs for yourself—perhaps a step or two of the folk dances—to wear lederhosen or a Dirndl dress and discuss life with mine host of the "Hirsch" over a stein of Schwartzbrau, to enjoy the good humour of the throng which crowds Salzburg, Bayreuth, Munich and many other cities during the festival season.

There are the little things that linger in the mind—the goodness of the "Kuchen," the girl you danced with in the Platz, the fragrance of a moonlit night in the Black Forest, the stillness of a Tyrolean lake, black glass, mirroring the stars. Of such is a German holiday.

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The Achensee, six miles long, is the largest and bluest of the innumerable Tyrolean lakes. It lies in the northern Kasbachtal, a lovely placid mirror to the Karwendel and Rofau mountain groups. Pertisau is its only village-resort of any size

***Landeck** is a village-station on the main railway that runs from Switzerland through the Arlberg to Innsbruck. From here the road goes over the Fern Pass to Lermoos and Ehrwald, good centres for the cable railway climb to the top of the Zugspitz*

"Das Land im Gebirge" *(Continued from page B)*

by the solitude of Kühtai. The Gasthaus was once an Emperor's hunting-lodge.

At the northern end of the Kasbachtal, at an altitude of 2787 feet, with the Karwendel and Rofan mountain groups for neighbours, and approached over slopes clothed with pine woods, is the largest and finest of Tyrol's lakes, the Achensee. This little lake — it is but six miles in length — is noted for the exceeding blueness of its water, which no storm clouds can alter, and which, according to a local wag, has made all the other lakelets in the country turn green (as undoubtedly they are) with envy. Pertisau, the only village of any size in this fairyland—it is the Weissau of Margaret Kennedy's *The Constant Nymph*—has good hotels that should add to an appreciation of its scenery. It has likewise a nine-hole golf course, and the mountain streams are said to abound in trout.

THE Ötztal is a valley of wonderful beauty—or, rather, of different kinds of beauty—for in its thirty-seven miles it rises from 2274 ft. to 6322 ft., and has six quite distinct levels or "steps," with a village resting upon each. No other valley can offer quite such a variety of scenery—tiny hamlets and romantic lakelets, flower-strewn meadows and austere peaks, splashing waterfalls, solemn woods, and impressive glaciers.

Ötz (2690 ft.), charmingly placed at the foot of the Acherkogel, in the midst of pleasant pastures and fruitful orchards, is always in season. It is easily got at, being only a quarter of an hour's run from the railway, and yet is already well off the beaten track. It has level, well-marked paths plentifully supplied with seats, and easy excursions like that to the tarn-like Pipurger See, where there is rowing and swimming. There are tennis courts and a swimming-pool, and delightful trips may be made by car to the villages farther up the valley.

Mounting "step" number one, Umhausen (3399 ft.) is reached, with its many walks, long and short, one of the most notable being that to the magnificent Stuiben waterfall, the largest in Tyrol.

Another "step," and the third plateau, with its village of Längenfeld (3868 ft.) is attained. In addition to its thirty miles of level walks through woods and over meadows, Längenfeld has also sulphur baths, claimed to be of real value in cases of rheumatism and kindred ills.

ON the fourth of the valley's "steps," at a height of 4465 ft., is Sölden, with the comparatively new resort of Hochsölden (6885 ft.) overhead. There can be no question concerning the grandeur of Sölden's situation, or of the adequacy of its walks.

On the next "step," at Zwieselstein (4829 ft.), comes the parting of the ways. The right-hand carriage-track leads to Vent, and the left-hand moderately good motor-road to Ober-Gurgl.

Vent (6211 ft.), a delightful tramp of three hours from Zwieselstein, is a climbers' centre par excellence. It is from here that peaks like the Wildspitz (12,366 ft.), the highest of Tyrol's mountains, and its giant companions are scaled. This does not mean that Vent is a place for the ultra-strenuous alone. There are almost a dozen club huts on the passes around, and whilst each of these is a base for mountain operations, it is also an excellent terminus point and place of refreshment for the non-climber. So far, Vent knows nothing, save by hearsay, of funicular, or even of motor-car.

***Ötz** lies below the Acherkogel, at the bottom of the Ötztal, the long valley that rises village by village, to Ober-Gurgl among its peaks and glaciers*

OBER-GURGL (6322 ft.) is now reached by motor-car, but that does not mean that it has been robbed of its peace and quietness. It has only been made rather more accessible. Here at Ober-Gurgl one is cheek by jowl with the genuine glacier world; and since in the Ötztal there are more than ninety peaks of over 9000 ft. in height, it is easy to imagine the kind of snow wall that faces one at the end of the valley. From the Ramol-haus, three and a half hours' walk farther on, there is a magnificent and thrilling view of the vast ice-fields dominated by massive peaks. Here at Gurgl there are the Alpine sun and air and flowers, and the restfulness that can only be secured in an out-of-the-way Alpine hamlet. As a matter of fact, Gurgl emerged from its obscurity and came to fame when Professor Piccard alighted there after his first ascent into the stratosphere.

NOTHING has been said of places to the north of the main line, such as Seefeld, basking in the sunshine in an amphitheatre of mountains and only forty-five minutes from Innsbruck by the picturesque Mittenwald railway; or of Lermoos and Ehrwald, reached in the same way, or, better still, by motor over the gorgeous Fern Pass from Landeck. From these two villages any number of excursions may be made, the principal without doubt being that to the top of the Zugspitz by cable railway. This takes the "climber" to the snow at a height of 9725 ft., in some fifteen minutes, which is certainly a case of mountaineering made easy. At this elevation it is possible to gaze upon a panorama extending as far as the Italian Dolomites to the east, and the Swiss Alps to the west, with all the Tyrolese ranges spread out towards the south. In Lermoos and Ehrwald the hotels are typically Tyrolean, and as a rule have been in the same family's hands for many years.

Mention, too, must be made of St. Anton am Arlberg (4275 ft.), lying right athwart the main line at the watershed of the Danube and the Rhine, long famous for its winter sports. Its new suspension railway on the Galzig (6930 ft.) will give great satisfaction to the "mountaineer" who likes a little help on his upward journey. St. Anton is the most easily reached of the outstanding Tyrol resorts. Those who have not made the trip by car from St. Anton to Reutte, over the Arlberg and Flexen Passes, have something worth travelling to the Tyrol to do.

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Elaine St. John

A 1939 debutante who was presented last week and is engaged is Elaine St. John, the only daughter of Lt.-Col. the Hon. Rowland and Mrs. St. John, of Cober, St. Peter's in Thanet. Her fiancé is Capt. John Francis Whidborne, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. John Whidborne, of Stockleigh-English, Devon

Vandyk

Cherry Bruce

Charity Florence Bruce is the second daughter of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Wilfrid Bruce, and a niece of Lord Trent. She is engaged to Edward Bruce Noel (Bud) Mitchell, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Mitchell, of Albyns, Romford, Essex

Bassano

Margot Rigg

Margaret Stewart Rigg is engaged to Charles Talbot Orton, younger son of Major-General Sir Ernest and Lady Orton, of Chantry Ridge, Guildford, Surrey. She is the daughter of the late Major Samuel Rigg, and Mrs. Rigg, of Melbury, Andover, Hampshire

Pearl Freeman

Cariad Enid Wyard

Is another engaged debutante of this year, the only child of Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Wyard, of 19, Upper Wimpole Street, and 35, Bolingbroke Grove, S.W.11; her fiancé is Peter John Kerr, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray Kerr, of Dinas Powis, Glam.

Harlip

Norah Lambert Irwin

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Davis L. Irwin, of Fawke Wood, Sevenoaks, and is to marry Bernard Hill Fawcett, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Fawcett, of The Wildernesse Country Club, Sevenoaks

Harrison

Mary Alexandra Chaloner

Is the youngest daughter of the late G. Chaloner, and Mrs. Chaloner, of Machell Place, Bedford; she is engaged to William M. Thompson, youngest son of the late John Thompson, and Mrs. Thompson, of Waterloo Park, Liverpool

Lenare

Patricia Willes

Is being married in India in September to Captain John R. H. Orr, Indian Army, only son of the late Major W. H. Orr, and the late Mrs. Asworth. She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. E. Willes, of El Cotorro, Knocke, Belgium

Lenare

Alison Jean Humfress

Is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. H. T. Humfress, of 39, Drayton Court, S.W.10, and is engaged to Michael Neale Harbottle, Oxford and Bucks. Light Infantry, youngest son of Captain T. C. B. Harbottle, R.N., and the late Kathleen Harbottle

Harlip

Margaret Templeton

Is the daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Templeton, of Victoria, B.C.; she is to marry Anthony Gerald Walker, Som. Light Infantry, son of Lt.-Col. B. J. Walker, C.M.G., D.S.O., of 11, Westbourne Terrace, W.2, and Mrs. Richard Bush James, of Merstham

Douglas

Alice Margaret Holland

Is the daughter of Rear-Admiral H. H. Holland, C.B., The Warren, Bramley, Guildford, and is to marry William Basil Rogers, son of Col. W. Rogers, O.B.E., T.D., D.L., and Mrs. Rogers, of Millmead House, Bramley, Guildford

Dorothy Wilding

Rosemary White

Is the elder daughter of Mr. H. M. White and Mrs. White, of Crantock, Cornwall; she is engaged to William Bernard Roantree, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., second son of Dr. Joseph Roantree and Mrs. Roantree, of Newbridge, Co. Kildare

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

It was a Chelsea Old Church wedding between Henry Morland, of 96, Piccadilly, only son of Captain H. Morland, C.I.E., R.I.N., and Mrs. Morland, of Toit Vert, Sentier du Tennis, Zoute, Belgium, and Suzanne Hogg, only daughter of Sir Malcolm and Lady Hogg, of 10, Cranley Gardens, S.W.

Morland — Hogg

ffrench Blake — Curran

Robert L. V. ffrench Blake, 17th/21st Lancers, son of the late Major St. J. L. A. O'B. ffrench Blake, and Mrs. L. M. Wilson, of Burners Cottage, Stoke Poges, Bucks., and Grania Bryde Curran, daughter of the late Captain W. H. Curran, and Mrs. Curran, of 7, Westbourne Terrace, W.2, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Phipps Hornby — Radford

Com. Windham Mark Phipps Hornby, R.N. (ret.) and Mary Constance Radford were married at St. Paul's, Onslow Square. He is the son of Admiral and Mrs. R. S. Phipps Hornby, of Lordington House, Chichester; she is the only child of the late Corbett A. F. Radford, and the Hon. Mrs. Radford, of 31, Malvern Court, S.W

Clayton — Reynolds

James Holden Clayton, of Lymm Hall, Didsbury, Cheshire, and Marcia Doris Reynolds, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Reynolds, of Bowdon, Cheshire, were married at Bowdon Parish Church. She is the young artist who won the Swynnerton Bequest allocated by the Manchester Art Gallery Committee

James — Loveday

Reginald Iceton James, of Bristol University, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. I. James, of Guestling, Sussex, and Charity Mildred Loveday, daughter of Dr. T. Loveday, Vice-Chancellor of Bristol University, and Mrs. Loveday, were married at All Saints', Clifton, Bristol

Sidebottom — Walker

Derek Sidebottom, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Sidebottom, of Jolesfield House, Partridge Green, Sussex, and Anne Katharine Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Walker, of Lundie Castle, Edzell, near Brechin, were married at St. Andrew's, Brechin

Young — Cossart

Guy Ronald Young and Elisabeth Anne Cossart were married at Farnborough Parish Church. He is the second son of Brig.-General E. D. Young, of Sandhills, Fleet; she is the younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. A. R. B. Cossart, of The White Cottage, Cove, Hants., and Madeira

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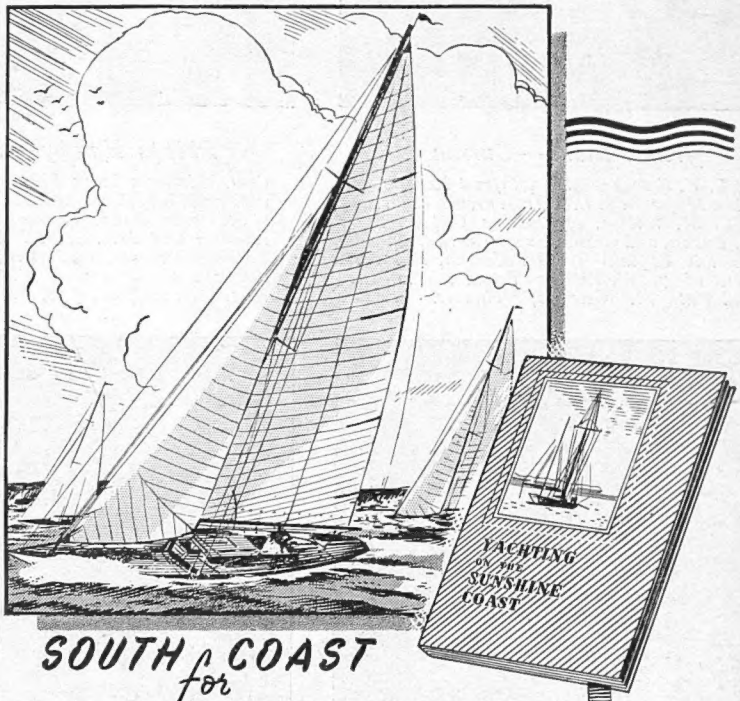

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